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AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL
HYMN-BOOK.

"The song and the land are new ones." — Psalm 134: 3.

PHILADELPHIA:
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
112 CHESTNUT STREET.

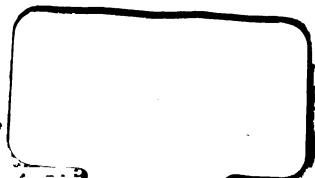
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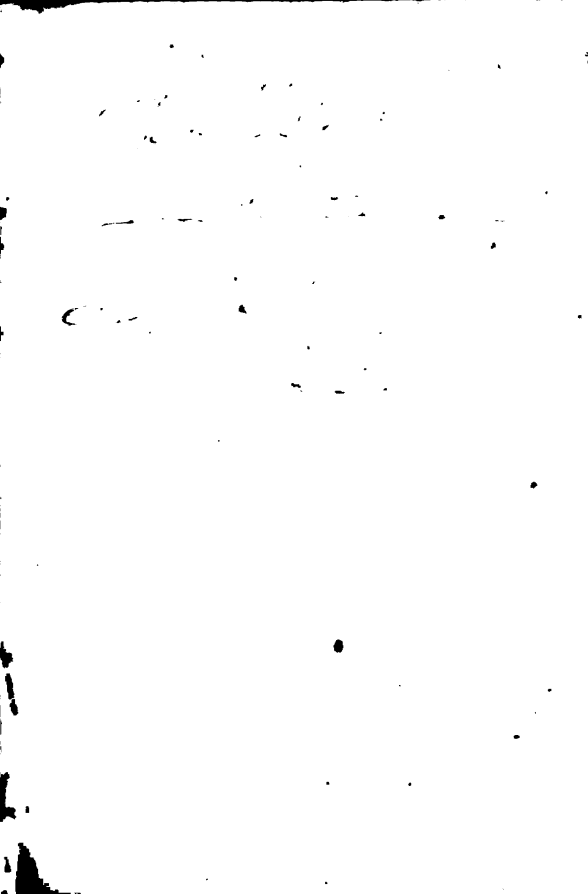
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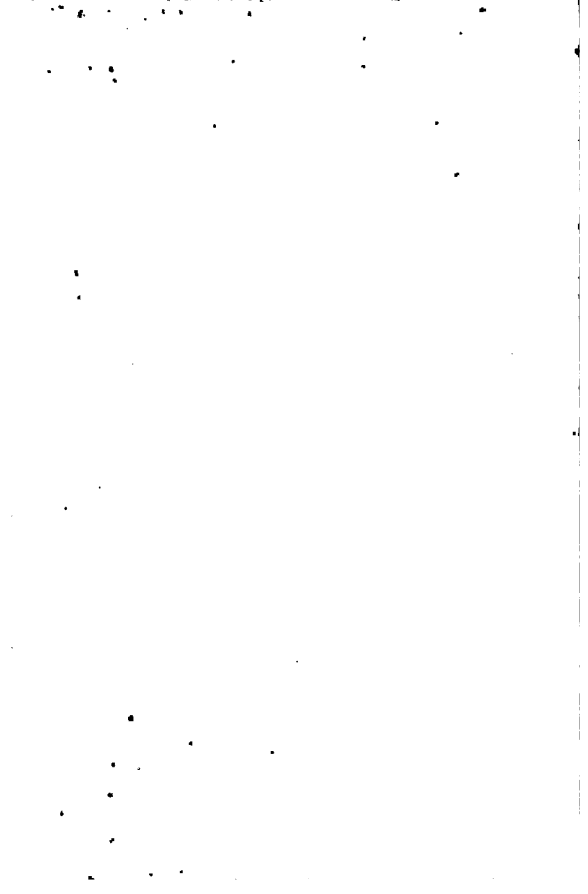
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1880
THE

AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN-BOOK.

"Oh sing unto the Lord a new song."—PSALM xcvi. 1.

PHILADELPHIA:
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
1122 CHESTNUT STREET.

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(RECAP)

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PREFACE.

21-60
from the State
S. H. Stedwell
tips
"THE American Sunday-School Hymn-Book" was compiled by a committee of pastors and superintendents in the city of New York. The title defines its character. It is believed to be well adapted for general use. The hymns will be found remarkable in the following particulars:—(1.) Their *simplicity*. No hymn has been admitted whose meaning may not readily be apprehended by children. (2.) Their *appropriateness*. As they are hymns for the *Sunday-school*, with the exception of a few on temperance, every hymn can be sung with perfect propriety on the Lord's day. (3.) Their *variety*. In this particular the book could not easily be improved. Selections may be found suitable for infant-classes as well as for those older; for mission-schools, anniversaries, prayer-meetings, &c. (4.) Their *arrangement*. It is simple and natural. Hymns suited to almost any occasion may be found with very little delay.

The committee undertook the task to meet a want which they have long felt. The book is offered to the public, confident that it will prove to be useful and acceptable. If their expectations are met, they hope to accompany it with a book of tunes adapted to all the hymns, entitled "The American Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book."

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AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN-BOOK.

OPENING SCHOOL.

1. C. M.

1. Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this happy throng;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our grateful morning song.
2. We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this our cheerful voices join
In hymns of grateful praise.
3. We come to learn thy holy word,
And ask thy tender care;
Before thy throne, Almighty Lord,
We bend in humble prayer.
4. May we in safety pass this day,
From sin and danger free;
And ever walk in that sure way
That leads to heaven and thee.

2. H. M.

1. **AGAIN** we meet, O Lord,
Again we fill this place,
To hear thy holy word
And ask thy promised grace;
To thank thee for the gifts we share,
The children of thy love and care.
2. Grant us the listening ear,
The understanding heart,
The mind and will sincere,
To choose the better part,—
To take the learner's lowly seat,
And gather wisdom at thy feet.
3. Through this, and every day,
Teach us thy paths to tread;
Nor let our feet astray
By Satan's wiles be led;
But keep us in the narrow road,—
The way to glory and to God.

3. L. M.

- 1 **ASSEMBLED** in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read and sing and pray;
Be with us then through this thy day.
- 2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes and friends,
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3. When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar,
And praise thee in more lofty strains;
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

4. C. M.

1. ANOTHER week has pass'd away,
Time swiftly speeds along;
We come again to praise and pray,
And sing our greeting song.
We come with song to greet you,
We come with song again.
2. We come the Saviour's name to praise,
To sing the wondrous love
Of Him who guards us all our days,
And guides to heaven above.
We come, &c.
3. We'll sing of mercies daily given,
Through every passing year,
We'll sing the promises of Heaven,
With voices loud and clear.
We come, &c.
4. We'll sing of many a happy hour
We've passed in Sunday-school,
Where truth, like summer's genial showers
Extends its gracious rule.
We come, &c.
5. Our youthful hearts will gladly raise,
Our voices sweetly sing,
A general song of grateful praise
To Heaven's eternal King.
We come, &c.

5. 6s & 7s.

1. ALL the week we spend
Full of childish bliss,
Every changing scene
Brings its happiness;
Yet our joys would not be full
Had we not the Sabbath-school.
2. Lovely is the dawn
Of each rising day,
Loveliest the morn
Of the Sabbath-day;
Then our infant hearts are full
Of the precious Sabbath-school.
3. To our happy ears
Blessed news is brought,
Tidings of the work
Love divine has wrought,—
Gracious news and merciful;
How we love the Sabbath-school!
4. Sweetly fades the light
Of each passing day;
Peaceful is the night
Of the Sabbath-day;
Then our hearts with praise are full
For the precious Sabbath-school.

6. 9s & 6s.

1. On Sabbath morning, oh how pleasant
To come to Sabbath-school!
When every happy child is present,
And every seat is full.

2. The blessed Bible there engages
Each youthful heart and eye,
To learn of God's own holy pages
The wisdom from on high.
3. And surely He, who feeds the flowers
With heaven's own morning dew,
Will send on our young hearts the showers
Of heavenly blessing too.
4. Then let us gladly gather round him,
And love him while we may,
For they who seek have always found him,
E'en in their early day.
5. And when life's Sabbaths all are ended,
We all may meet above,
Where he for us hath now ascended,
Our Father's house of love.

7. 10s, 7s & 5s.

1. WHEN the morning light drives away the
night,
With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine,
I'll away to the Sabbath-school:
For 'tis there we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be
At the Sabbath-school.
I'll away! away! away! away!
I'll away to the Sabbath-school.
2. On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapp'd in snow,

Or the summer breeze plays round the trees,
 To the Sabbath-school I'll go;
 When the holy day has come,
 And the Sabbath-breakers roam,
 I delight to leave my home
 For the Sabbath-school.
 I'll away, &c.

3 In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
 At the time of morning prayer;
 And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
 For 'tis always pleasant there:
 In the Book of holy truth,
 Full of counsel and reproof,
 We behold the guide of youth,
 At the Sabbath-school.
 I'll away, &c.

4. May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,
 And the sunshine never fail,
 While each blooming rose which in memory
 grows
 Shall a sweet perfume exhale:
 When we mingle here no more,
 But have met on Jordan's shore.
 We will talk of moments o'er
 At the Sabbath-school.
 I'll away, &c.

8. 10s.

1. I'll awake at dawn on the Sabbath-day,
 For 'tis wrong to doze holy time away;
 With my lessons learn'd, this shall be my
 rule,—
 Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

2. Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing,
None are tardy there when the woods do
ring;
So when Sunday comes this shall be my
rule,—
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.
3. When the summer's sun wakes the flowers
again,
They the call obey,—none ~~are~~ tardy then;
Nor will I forget that it is my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.
4. But these Sabbath-days will soon be o'er,
And these happy hours shall return no more;
Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

9. 8s & 6s, (Peculiar.)

1. THE morning sky is bright and clear,
Away to Sabbath-school;
Let each one in the class appear;
Away to Sabbath-school:
'Tis there we learn his holy word,
And find the road that leads to God.
Away, away, away, away,
Away to Sabbath-school.

SCHOLARS.

2. When each at night shall go to prayer,
We'll ask our God above
T' extend o'er teachers his kind care,
And crown them with his love.

And when on earth our time is sped,
And we are number'd with the dead,

SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS.

If faithful, we shall meet above,
We all shall meet above.

10. Peculiar.

1. AWAY from home to school we come,
Upon this holy day;
In faith and love we look above,
And humbly praise and pray.
Oh, let this hour to God be given!
Let every heart be raised to heaven;
And while in youth we learn the truth,
May we the truth obey!
2. Our teachers dear, we meet you here,
And share your faithful care;
Oh, may each heart its thanks impart,
In grateful, earnest prayer
That God may crown with joys above
Your patient toil and works of love;
And that at last, life's changes past,
We all may meet you there.

11. H. M.

1. COME, let us gladly sing
To God our Saviour-King;
With thanks his presence seek,
In psalms his praises speak;
He's God most high: let all draw nigh,
And crown him Lord of earth and sky.

2. He gave the mountains birth,
He made the spacious earth;
His are the sea and land:
They rose at his command.
With reverence all before him fall,
And on his name devoutly call.
3. Come, kneel before his throne,
For he is God alone;
We are the flock he leads,—
The sheep his bounty feeds;
To-day, to-day, his voice obey;
Grieve not the Holy Ghost away.

12. S. M.

1. LORD, fix our wandering thoughts,
Thy sacred word to hear
With deep attention and with love,
With reverence and with fear.
2. Let us remember still
That God is present here;
And let our hearts be all engaged
When we draw near in prayer.
- 3 And when the humble notes
Of praise our lips employ,
Give us to taste the sweet delight
Which saints in heaven enjoy.
4. Oh, may thy sacred word
Sink deep in every breast,
And let us all by grace be brought
To Christ, the promised rest.

PRAYER.

13. 6s & 5s.

1. OUR Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name!
May thy kingdom holy
On earth be the same!
Oh, give to us daily
Our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty
That all must be fed.
2. Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
That pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin;
And thine be the glory
Forever, amen!

14. C. M.

1. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unutter'd or express'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.
4. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays."

15. C. M.

1. THE Lord attends when children pray,
A whisper he can hear;
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.
2. He sees us when we are alone;
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to him are known,
Wherever we may be.
3. 'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say:
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.
4. Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright,
Thy grace to us impart,
That we in prayer may take delight,
And serve thee with the heart.
5. Then, heavenly Father! at thy throne
Thy praise we will proclaim;
And daily our requests make known,
In our Redeemer's name.

16. L. M.

1. WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?
2. Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.
3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
4. Have you no words? Ah, think again:
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
5. Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

17. 7s.

1. COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He that bids us humbly pray
Sends us not unblest'd away.
2. Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;

For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3. Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy sovereign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

18. 7s.

1. LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
2. Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with heavenly grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
3. In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee,—here we stray:
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
4. Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

19. S. M.

1. Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2. He bows his gracious ear;
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.
3. Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

20. L. M.

1. PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.
2. If pain afflict or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
In every case still watch and pray.
3. 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame;
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
4. Depend on him, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

21. S. M.

1. Come to the mercy-seat,
Come to the place of prayer;
Come, little children, to His feet,
In whom we live and are.

2. Come to our God in prayer,
Come to your Saviour now,
While youthful skies are bright and fair,
And health is on your brow.
3. Come in the name of Him
Who all your sorrows bore,—
Who ever lives to pardon sin,
And will be sought by prayer.

22. L. M.

1. JESUS, the condescending King,
Is pleased to hear when children sing,
And while our feeble voices rise,
Will not the humble prayer despise.
2. Then keep us, Lord, from every sin
Which we can see and feel within;
And what we neither feel nor see,
Forgive, for all is known to thee.
3. We own there's nothing good in us
To cause thee to befriend us thus;
We cannot think a goodly thought,
Or ever serve thee as we ought.
4. Yet, Lord, we humbly venture nigh,
Because thou didst come down to die;
And this is all the plea we make,
Oh, save us for thy mercy's sake.

23. 7s & 6s.

1. Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;

Go with pure mind and feeling;
 Fling earthly thought away,
 And, in thy closet kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

2. Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be;
 Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And blend with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

3. Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way,
 E'en then the silent breathing
 Thy spirit lifts above,
 Will reach His throne of glory,
 Where dwells eternal love.

4. Oh, not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare,—
 The grace our Father gives us,
 To pour our souls in prayer;
 Whene'er thou art in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall;
 Remember, too, in gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

24. 7s. 6 lines.

1. HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare
 For the solemn work of prayer;

Grant that, while we bend the knee,
 All our thoughts may turn to thee;
 Let thy presence here be found,
 Breathing peace and joy around.

- 2 While we come around thy throne,
 Make thy power and glory known;
 As thy children may we call
 On our Father, Lord of all,
 And with holy love and fear
 At thy footstool now appear.
3. Teach us, while we breathe our woes,
 On thy promise to repose;
 All thy tender love to trace,
 In the Saviour's work of grace;
 Let us all in faith depend
 On a gracious God and Friend.

25. C. M.

1. ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
 What snares beset my way!
 To heaven, oh, let me lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.
2. How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears!
 My weak resistance,—ah, how vain!
 How strong my foes and fears!
3. O Lord, increase my faith and hope,
 When foes and fears prevail,
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.

4. Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And let me never, never stray
 From happiness and thee.

26. C. M.

1. I LOVE to steal a while away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.
2. I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear,
 And all his promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.
3. I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore;
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On Him whom I adore.
4. I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day

27. 8s & 7s.

1. SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.

2. Keep no longer at a distance,—
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
3. Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant
Shun the world's enticing snares.
4. Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

28. 7s. (6 lines.)

1. JESUS bids me seek his face;
Lord, I come to ask thy grace;
Send thy Spirit from above,
Teach me to obey and love.
Unto thee I fain would go,
All I want thou canst bestow.
2. Thou wilt e'en a child receive,
Thou wilt all my sins forgive:
Oh, dissolve this heart of stone,
Make me thine, and thine alone:
Sin is present with me still;
Disobedient is my will.
3. Sinful thoughts too oft prevail,
Vain desires my heart assail:
Oh, my Saviour, make me whole,
Form anew my inmost soul;
Kindly guard me every day,
Be my everlasting stay.

29. C. M.

1. LORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart,
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.
2. A fallen creature I was born,
And from thy grace I stray'd;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.
3. But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain,
And fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.
4. To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,—
Their tears he'll wipe away.
5. For all who early seek his face
Shall surely taste his love;
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
To dwell with him above.

30. L. M.

1. O LORD, behold before thy throne
A band of children lowly bend;
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.
2. Thou didst on earth the young receive,
And gently fold them to thy breast.

And say that such in heaven should live
Forever safe, forever blest.

3. Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That he may teach us how to pray;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.
4. Oh, let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.

31. 8s & 7s.

1. Jesus! tender Shepherd, hear me!
Bless thy little lamb to-night!
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.
2. All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warm'd and fed me,—
Listen to my evening prayer.
3. Let my sins be all forgiven!
Bless the friends I love so well!
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell!

32. 7s.

1. GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

2. ~~Fain~~ I would to thee be brought;
Gracious God, forbid it not:
In the kingdom of thy grace
Give a little child a place.
3. Oh, supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant;
Day and night my keeper be,
Every moment watch round me.

33. S. M.

1. LORD, hear an infant pray,
Who loves to bow the knee;
Wash all my many sins away,
And bring me near to thee
2. Oh, teach my wandering feet
To tread in Zion's way;
And from the precious mercy-seat
Oh, let me never stray.
3. Oh, teach my infant lips
To speak thy glorious name;
To pray that thou wouldst care for me,
A little, tender lamb.
4. Teach me thy will to know,
Which thou to babes hast given;
And all thy precepts may I do,
As angels do in heaven.
5. Prepare me, Lord, to die,
And give to thee my breath;
To dwell with thee above the sky,
Triumphant over death.

PRAISE.

34. 8s & 7s.

1. PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Praise to God from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
2. Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.
3. Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

35. 4s, 6s & 8s.

1. COME, let us raise
A song of praise
To him who rules on high;
Whose love and power,
From hour to hour,
Can every want supply:
The goodness of our God and King
Let all with hallelujahs sing.
2. His bounties flow
Where'er we go,
Abound where'er we stay;

From every snare
His gracious care
Defends by night and day:
The goodness of our God and King
Let all with hallelujahs sing.

3. We're travelling on,
Yet not alone,
Through life's dark wilderness:
Close by our side
A heavenly Guide
Is pledged for our success:
The goodness of our God and King
Let all with hallelujahs sing.

36. 7s & 6s.

1. Come, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only friend:
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in his love.
2. We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong:
None who besought his healing,
He pass'd unheeded by;
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.
3. We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;

We love to sing of Jesus,
 Triumphant o'er the grave;
 And in our hour of danger,
 We'll trust his love alone,
 Who once slept in a manger,
 And now sits on the throne.

4. Then let us sing of Jesus,
 While yet on earth we stay,
 And hope to sing of Jesus
 Throughout eternal day:
 For those who here confess him,
 He will in heaven confess;
 And faithful hearts that bless him,
 He will forever bless.

37. Peculiar.

1. Oh, come, let us sing!
 Our youthful hearts now swelling,
 To God above, a God of love,—
 Oh, come, let us sing!
 Our joyful spirits, glad and free,
 With high emotions rise to thee,
 In heavenly melody,—
 Oh, come, let us sing!
2. The full notes prolong;
 Our festal celebrating,
 We hail the day with cheerful lay,
 And full notes prolong.
 Both cheerful youth and silvery age,
 And childhood pure, the gay, the sage,
 These thrilling scenes engage,
 Full notes to prolong.

3. Oh, swell, swell the song,
His praises oft repeating :
His Son he gave our souls to save,—
Oh, swell, swell the song.
The humble heart's devotion bring
Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
And make the welkin ring
With sweet-swelling song.

4. We'll chant, chant his praise,—
Our lofty strains now blending :
A tribute bring to Christ our King,
And chant, chant his praise !
Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified,
“ 'Tis finish'd ! ” then he meekly cried,
And bow'd his head and died,—
Then chant, chant his praise !

5. All full chorus join,
To Jesus condescending
To bless our race with heavenly grace,
All full chorus join !
To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
And Holy Spirit, reconciled
By Christ, the meek and mild,
All full chorus join !

38. S. M.

1. COME, ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
2. Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God ;

But servants of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

3. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
4. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.
5. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

39. S. M.

1. AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
2. Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising power ;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
3. Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the exalted King.
4. Soon we shall hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come ;"

Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home

5. Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

40. C. M.

1. Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
2. My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy name.
3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace.
4. Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

41. 6s & 4s.

1. Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!

Father, all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2. Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies;
Now make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd;
Lord, hear our call!
3. Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

42. 6s & 4s.

1. GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"
Angels, his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Saints, sing for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
2. Ye, who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;

Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound through the earth abroad,
“Worthy the Lamb!”

3. Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
Still will we tribute bring;
Hail him our gracious King!
And through all ages sing,
“Worthy the Lamb!”

43. C. M.

1. COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
2. Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, forever thine. —
4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

44. S. M.

1. OH, bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.
2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.
3. He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
4. He feeds thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And, like the eagle, he renews
The vigour of thy youth.
5. Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, his love, proclaim;
Let all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

45. C. M.

1. ALMIGHTY Father, heavenly King,
Who rulest the worlds above,
Accept the tribute children bring
Of gratitude and love.
2. To thee, each morning, when we rise,
Our early vows we'll pay;

And ere the night has closed our eyes,
We'll thank thee for the day.

3. Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his word hath given,
That young ones, such as we, may find
A certain path to heaven.
4. Stretch out, O Lord, thy gracious hand,
To guide our erring youth;
And lead us to that blissful land
Where dwells eternal truth.

46. L. M.

1. Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to the eternal Name!
And all his boundless love proclaim.
2. See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
3. Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme:
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
4. Oh, may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

47. C. M.

1. ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
4. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
5. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

48. S. M.

1. To praise the Saviour's name,
Let little children try;
While saints and angels do the same
In the bright world on high.
2. His love in heaven is sung,
His name is there adored;

And children here, however young,
May learn to praise the Lord

3. The wonders of that love
No earthly tongue can tell,
Which brought the Saviour from above,
To save our souls from hell.
4. For us he wept and bled,
And suffer'd all his pain,
For us was number'd with the dead,
And rose to life again.
5. And still for us he prays,
And makes our souls his care;
He loves to hear our feeble praise
And listen to our prayer.
6. Lord Jesus! grant that we
May know thy saving grace,
On earth thy humble followers be,
In heaven behold thy face.

49. L. M.

1. AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,—
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
2. He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,—
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,

He near my soul has always stood,—
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

5. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

50. 8s & 7s.

TEACHERS.

1. COME, ye children, and adore him,
Lord of all, he reigns above;
Come, and worship now before him,
He hath call'd you by his love.
He will grant you every blessing
Of his all-abounding grace:
Come, with humble hearts expressing
All your gratitude and praise.

CHILDREN.

2. On this holy day of gladness,
We will join in praises meet;
Every bosom free from sadness,—
All with happiness replete.
Oh to feel the love of Jesus!
Oh to know that from above
Still our heavenly Father sees us
With an eye of tender love!

TEACHERS:

3. Dearest children, now adore him;
 Swell aloud the joyful strain:
 Let the nations bow before him,—
 Echo back the notes again.
 While he will accept the praises
 E'en from every heart and tongue,
 Those to him an infant raises
 Still are sweetest of the song.

CHILDREN.

4. Lord of all, our hearts' oblation
 Now ascends to thee alone;
 We would come, with all the nation,
 Now to worship at the throne.
 Teachers! will you join the chorus?
 Join in hymning forth His praise,
 Who, for our redemption, shows us
 All the riches of his grace.

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

5. Praise to thee, O Lord, forever,
 Gladly now we all unite;
 Praise to thee, O God! the giver,
 Blessed Lord of life and light!
 Ransom'd nation, spread the story:
 Rescued people, ne'er give o'er:
 All his grace and all his glory
 Oh, proclaim for evermore!

51. 78.

1. CHILDREN of Jerusalem,
 Sing the praise of Jesus' name:

Children, too, of later days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise:
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

2. We have often heard and read
What the royal psalmist said:
Babes, and sucklings' artless lays
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise.
Hark! &c.

3. We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read his word,
We are taught the way to heaven,
Praise to God for all be given.
Hark! &c.

4. Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosanna reach the skies.
Hark! &c.

52. 11s.

1. O God! to thy promise our hearts humbly
cling;
To thine altar the bloom of our childhood
we bring;
We seek thee right early,—our guide thou
shalt be:
All the years of that youth we now offer to
thee.
Hallelujah to the Lamb Hallelujah, Amen.

2. Thanks, thanks for thy word, for the sweet
Sabbath-day,
For the teachers who lead us in wisdom's
glad way,
Who point us to Jesus, so ready of old
Young children like us in his arms to enfold.
Hallelujah, &c.
3. Should life be continued till manhood
comes on,
Till the scenes of its noontide like shadows
are gone,
Still, still be thou near us to help and defend,
Till, like sheaves fully ripe, to the grave we
descend.
Hallelujah, &c.
4. Oh, grant that in heaven, earth's labors all
done,
The voice of these teachers with ours may
be one,
In praise unto Him in whose name they
have taught,
Whose blood flowing freely our pardon hath
bought.
Hallelujah, &c.

53. 11s & 12s.

1. Come, let us sweetly sing, join in full chorus,
Praise to the mighty King, He who reigneth
o'er us;
Once he, a little child, gentle and holy,
Taught us how we should live, loving, pure
and lowly.

2. Hail! hail to Him who once slept in a manger,
Wander'd from place to place, homeless and
a stranger,
Suffer'd and died for us,—oh, wondrous
story!—
Suffer'd that we might all dwell with him in
glory.
3. O thou who once did hear children when
singing,
Thou who didst sweetly say, Suffer ye their
bringing,
From thy bright home above graciously
behding,
List to our joyful songs gratefully ascending.
4. Be thou our guard and guide, grant us thy
Spirit,
Own us as thine at last, through thy perfect
merit;
Then shall we sweetly sing, in angelic chorus,
Praise evermore to Him who shall there
reign o'er us.

54. 8s & 6s.

1. LET every heart rejoice and sing,
Let choral anthems rise;
Ye reverend men and children, bring
To God your sacrifice;
For he is good; the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise.

While the rocks and the hills,
 While the vales and the hills,
 A glorious anthem raise,
 Let each prolong the grateful song,
 And the God of our fathers praise.

2. He bids the sun to rise and set;
 In heaven his power is known;
 And earth, subdued to him, shall yet
 Bow low before his throne;
 For he is good, &c.

55. Peculiar.

1. In the rosy light of the morning bright,
 Lift the voice of praise on high;
 From the lips of youth, to the God of truth,
 Let the joyful echoes fly.
 Sing praises, glad praises,
 Sing, children, sing,
 Let your songs arise to the lofty skies,
 And exult in God our King.
2. As he look'd in love from the world above,
 Our distresses fill'd his eye;
 And, a world to save, his own Son he gave,
 On the bloody tree to die.
 Sing praises, &c.
- 3 Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who
 bled,
 To deliver us from woe,
 He endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss:
 Let his praise forever flow!
 Sing praises, &c.

4. Now, exalted high o'er the earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still;
Bends his gracious ear, our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill.
Sing praises, &c.
5. On the cross he hung for the old and young,
But he loves the children best;
To his arm we'll fly, on his grace rely,
And secured his promised rest.
Sing praises, &c.

56. Peculiar.

1. WOULD you be as angels'are?
Sing, sing, sing his praise;
Would you banish every care?
Sing, sing, sing his praise;
Like the lark upon the wing,
Like the warbling bird of spring,
Like the crystal spheres that ring,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.
2. If the world upon you frown,
Sing, sing, sing his praise;
If you're left to sing alone,
Sing, sing, sing his praise;
If sad trials come to you,
As to every one they do,
For that they are blessings too,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.

57. 7s & 6s.

1. WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,

The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him;
But, as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2. And, since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

- 3 For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

58. 6s & 4s.

- 1 COME, children, join to sing
Loud praise to Christ our King:
Worthy the Lamb!
Let all with heart and voice
Before his throne rejoice;
Praise is his gracious choice,
Worthy the Lamb!

2. Come, lift your hearts on high,
Let praises fill the sky,
Worthy the Lamb!
He is our guide and friend,
To us he'll condescend;
His love shall never end,
Worthy the Lamb!
3. Praise yet the Lord again;
Life shall not end the strain,
Worthy the Lamb!
On heaven's blissful shore,
His goodness we'll adore;
Singing for evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!

59. 7s & 6s.

1. WE'LL come while yet all glowing
The dawn of life appears,
While round us youth is throwing
The brightness of its years;
We'll come while hearts are lightest,
And thoughts flow pure and free;
We'll come while love grows brightest:
Oh, yes, we'll come to thee.
2. We'll learn to sing thy praises
In sweet and tuneful song;
We'll sing the love that saves us,
That guides our steps along.
What though the harps, all golden,
The heavens with music fill,—
To thee the songs of children
Are sweeter, sweeter still.

3. While childhood's hours are fleeting,
 We'll gather round thy shrine;
 When life's brief day is setting,
 Still shall our songs be thine.
 Oh, then, in joyful chorus
 We will the strains prolong,
 And tell how thou didst love us,
 In sweeter, nobler song.

60. 78.

1. GLORY to the Father give,
 God, in whom we move and live;
 Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
 Children's songs delight his ear.
2. Glory to the Son we bring,
 Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King;
 Children, raise your sweetest strain
 To the Lamb, for he was slain.
3. Glory to the Holy Ghost,
 He reclaims the sinner lost;
 Children's minds may he inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.
4. Glory in the highest be
 To the blessed Trinity,
 For the gospel from above,
 For the word that "God is love."

G O D.

61. 8s & 7s.

1. God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Bliss he grants, and woe he lightens:
God is light and God is love.
2. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
His unchanging goodness proves;
From the mist his brightness streameth:
God is light and God is love.
3. He our earthly cares entwineth
With his comforts from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is light and God is love.

62. C. M.

1. I sing the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
2. I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
3. I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food:

He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4. There's not a plant or flower below.
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

63. C. M.

1. ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.
2. There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment-day.
3. And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?
4. Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.
5. Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains
And answer for my guilt.

64. L. M.

1. BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace:
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?
3. 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
4. Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
The Gentile with the Jew shall join ;
In work and worship so divine.

65. C. M.

1. ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.
2. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame:
My tongue shall speak his praise:
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
3. Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

66. 8. M.

1. COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
2. He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
3. Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.
4. To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

67. 7s. 5 lines.

1. SING, my soul, His wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright world above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace:
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.
2. Heaven and earth by him were made,
He by all must be obey'd;
What are we, that he should show
So much love to us below?
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.
3. God, thus merciful and good,
Bought us with a Saviour's blood,

And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure :
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

- 4 Sing, my soul, adore his name,
Let his glory be thy theme ;
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come :
Praise, oh, praise the God of love.

. 68. 7s.

1. POOR and needy though I be,
God, my Maker, cares for me ;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.
2. He will listen when I pray,
He is with me night and day,
When I sleep and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.
3. He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I ;
He whose blood for me was shed
Had not where to lay his head.
4. Though I labour here a while,
He will bless me with his smile ;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

69. L. M.

1. LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me
through ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,

My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2. My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
3. Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
4. How awful is thy searching eye!
Thy knowledge, oh, how deep! how high!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
5. Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my evil passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

70. L. M.

1. Among the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes: God is as a shining light
That turns the darkness into day.
2. When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No: for a constant watch he keeps
On every thought of every soul.
3. If I could find some cave unknown
Where human feet have never trod,

Yet there I should not be alone:
On every side there would be God.

4. He smiles in heaven, he frowns in hell,
He fills the earth, the air, the sea;
I must within his presence dwell,
I cannot from his anger flee.
5. Yet I may flee: he shows me where:
To Jesus Christ he bids me fly;
And while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in his eye.

71. C. M.

1. LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.
2. Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
3. But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
4. Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

72. 7s.

1. LITTLE schoolmates, can you tell
Who has kept us safe and well
Through the watches of the night,
Brought us safe to see the light?
- 2 Yes: it is our God does keep
Little children while they sleep:
He has kept us safe from harm,
Shelter'd by his powerful arm.
3. Can you tell who gives us food,
Clothes, and home, and parents good
Schoolmates dear and teachers kind,
Useful books and active mind?
4. Yes: our heavenly Father's care
Gives us all we eat and wear;
All our books and all our friends
God, in kindness, to us sends.
5. Oh, then, let us thankful be
For his mercies large and free;
Every morning let us raise
Our young voices in his praise.

73. 6s & 5s.

1. WHEN o'er earth is breaking
Rosy light, and fair,
Morn afar proclaimeth
Sweetly, "God is there."
When the spring is wreathing
Flowers, rich and rare,

On each leaf is written,
"Nature's God is there."

2. In the Sabbath school-room,
As we join in prayer,
Every falling accent
Tells us, "God is there."
Kindly, teachers point us,
With regard and care,
To the heavenly mansion,
Saying, "God is there."
8. Let us learn those lessons,
Taught us everywhere:
And, if sin assail us,
Think that "God is there."
Then, at last, with angels,
Ever bright and fair,
Singing glorious anthems,
We'll see "God is there."

74. 6s & 5s.

1. MORN amid the mountains—
Lovely solitude!
Gushing streams and fountains
Murmur, "God is good."
Murmur, murmur, murmur, "God is good."
2. Now the glad sun, breaking,
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales, awaking,
Echo, "God is good."
Echo, echo, echo, "God is good."

3. Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood;
Songsters, sweetly singing,
Warble, "God is good."
Warble, warble, warble, "God is good."
4. Wake, and join the chorus,
Child, with soul endued;
God, whose smile is o'er us,
Evermore is good.
Ever, ever, evermore is good.

75. 8s & 3s.

1. COME, let us all unite and sing,
God is love.
While heaven and earth their praises bring,
God is love.
Let every soul from sin awake,
Their harps now from the willows take,
And sing with me, for Jesus' sake,
God is love.
2. Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound,
God is love.
In Christ I have redemption found;
God is love.
His blood has wash'd my sins away;
His Spirit turns my night to day;
And now my soul with joy can say,
God is love.
3. How happy is our portion here!
God is love.
His promises our spirits cheer;
God is love.

He is our sun and shield by day,
By night he near our tents will stay,
He will be with us all the way:—
God is love.

4. What though my heart and flesh shall fail?
God is love.
Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail,
God is love.
Through Jordan's swell I will not fear;
My Jesus will be with me there,
My head above the waves to bear:—
God is love.

76. 7s.

- 1 WHEN I sleep, and when I wake,
When my daily walks I take,
Though my eyes no God can see,
Still he ever looks at me.
- 2 When I speak a wicked word,
By my Saviour it is heard;
Though I seek from God to flee,
Still from heaven he looks at me.
3. When I break this holy day,
And indulge in sinful play,
Could I still so thoughtless be,
If I felt he looks at me?
4. When with wicked ones I play,
When my heart forgets to pray
Though I may forgetful be,
Still my Saviour looks at me.

5. When my angry passions rise,
God can hear my sinful cries;
When rebellious I would be,
Still he ever looks at me.
6. Every disobedient word,
False or cross, in heaven is heard;
Though no human eye can see,
God my Saviour looks at me.

77. H. M.

1. WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word he spoke,
How much did he rejoice!
Oh, blessed, happy child! to find
The God of heaven so mild and kind.
2. If God would speak to me,
And say he was my friend,
How happy should I be!
Oh, how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.
3. And does he never speak?
Oh, yes; for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God whom Samuel heard:
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.
4. And I, beneath his care,
May safely rest my head;

I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed:
And every sin I may well fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

5. Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read his word,
"Speak, Lord: I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard:"
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

78. 5s & 8s.

1. REJOICE in the Lord,
Believe in his word,
Confide in his mercy and grace;
His throne shall endure,
His promise is sure,
In him shall the righteous have peace.

2. Thrice happy are they
Who his precepts obey,
Who delight in the law of their God;
Their joys shall increase,
And their trials shall cease,
As they enter the heavenly abode.

3. What scenes will arise,
As they pass through the skies,
What raptures their bosoms will fill,
As their harps they employ,
In the fulness of joy,
On the height of some heavenly hill!

4. Rejoice in the Lord,
Believe in his word,
Confide in his mercy and grace;
His throne shall endure,
His promise is sure,
In him shall the righteous have peace.
-

SAVIOUR.

79. H. M.

1. COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name!
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.
2. He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured, no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.
3. From the dark grave he rose,—
The mansion of the dead,—
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour-God.

4. From thence he'll quickly come,—
 His chariot will not stay,—
 And bear our spirits home
 To realms of endless day:
 There shall we see his lovely face,
 And ever be in his embrace.

80. 8s & 7s.

1. HARK.—what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
 Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
 "Glory in the highest—glory!
 Glory be to God most high!"
2. Peace on earth—good will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found.
 "Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven,"
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth his praises sing!
 Oh, receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest and King.
- 1 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
 Learn his name, and taste his joy;
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,
 Glory be to God most high!
 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
 Learn his name, and taste his joy;
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,
 Glory be to God most high!

81. 7s & 11s.

1. **THERE's** a song the angels sing,
 And its notes with rapture ring,
 Round the throne whose radiance fills the hea-
 vens above.

Shepherds heard the distant strain,
 Watching on Judea's plain,
 "Glory be to God, to men be peace and love."

CHORUS.

Through the earth and through the sky,
 Let the anthem ever fly,
 Peace, good will to men, and glory be to God on
 high.

2. 'Tis a song for children too;
 To the Saviour 'tis their due;
 Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;
 Join with angels in their song,
 And the heavenly strain prolong,
 "Glory be to God, good will and peace to men."

Chorus.—Through the earth, &c.

3. Soon around that throne may we
 With those happy angels be,
 Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall
 cease:

Mingling love with loftiest praise,
 Still the chorus there we'll raise,
 "Glory be to God, to men good will and peace."

Chorus.—Through the earth, &c.

82. 7s & 6s.

1. **HAIL** to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son!

Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2. He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
8. Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing:
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.
4. For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end:
O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest!

83. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. ONCE was heard the song of children
By the Saviour when on earth;
Joyful in the sacred temple
Shouts of youthful praise had birth,
And Hosannas
Loud to David's Son broke forth.
2. Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crown'd him,
In fair Salem's crowded street,
While Hosannas
From the lips of children greet.
3. Blessed Saviour, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,
Mortal lays, from man or infant,
Vain to tell thy praise essay;
But Hosannas
Swell the chorus of the sky.
4. God o'er all in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing;
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring,—
Glad Hosannas
To our *Prophet, Priest and King*.
5. Oh, though humble is our offering,
Deign accept our grateful lays:
These from children once proceeding
Thou didst deem "perfected praise."
Now Hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

84. C. M.

1. COME, children, hail the Prince of peace,
Obey the Saviour's call;
Come seek his face, and taste his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
2. Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring,
Ye children, great and small,
Hosanna sing to Christ your King;
Oh, crown him Lord of all.
3. This Jesus will your sins forgive:
Oh, haste! before him fall;
For you he died, that you might live
To crown him Lord of all.
4. All hail the Saviour, Prince of peace!
Let saints before him fall;
Let sinners seek his pardoning grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
5. Let every people, every tribe,
Around this earthly ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

85. 11s & 9s.

1. I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his
fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my
head,
That his arm had been thrown around me.
And that I might have seen his kind look when
he said,
“Let the little ones come unto me.”
3. Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,
4. In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven:
And many dear children are gathering there.
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

86. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

1. THERE is a friend we ought to love
More than all friends beside,
His name is Jesus—and his love
Forever shall abide.
Come, children, then, for now he lives,
And praise from little ones receives.
With lip and life we'll praise his name,
And not forget his laws again.
What!—not forget again?
No, not forget again!

87. 8s & 7s.

1. ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free and knows no end.

2. Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled, in him, to God.
3. When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.
4. Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above.

88. 7s & 6s.

1. How precious is the story
 Of our Redeemer's birth,
Who left the realms of glory,
 And came to dwell on earth!
He saw our sad condition,
 Our guilt, and sin, and shame;
To save us from perdition,
 The blessed Jesus came.
2. He came to earth from heaven,
 To weep, and bleed, and die,
That we might be forgiven,
 And raised to God on high.
His kindness and compassion
 To children then were shown;
The heirs of his salvation,
 He claim'd them for his own.
3. Oh, may I love this Saviour,
 So good, so kind, so mild!

And may I find his favour,
A young but sinful child !
And in his blissful heaven
May I at last appear,
With all my sins forgiven,
To know and praise him there.

89. C. M.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come ;
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns ;
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

90. 7s & 6s.

1. THE Author of salvation,
The Saviour, meek and mild,
Once took a lowly station,—
Became a little child ;

In infancy a stranger,
How mean was his abode!
His cradle was a manger,
Himself the Son of God.

2. His earthly parents found him
Submissive day by day;
So meek to all around him,
So ready to obey;
No stain of sin or folly
Could ever cloud his brow;
His heart, so pure and holy,
With love would ever glow.
3. And when his foes assail'd him,
He sought but to forgive;
When to the cross they nail'd him,
He died that they might live.
This bright example shows us
What duties to fulfil;
Oh, let it now arouse us
To learn and do his will.

91. C. M.

1. OUR Saviour bids the children come;
He bids us come to him;
And, as in other days, he spreads
His arms to take us in.
O Saviour! dear Saviour!
Oh, joy of the blest!
How I long to be thine,
In bright glory to shine,
And be forever at rest!
2. Forever blessed be his name;
No earthly love like his;

Oh, may it draw our hearts to him,
And to the world of bliss!

O Saviour! &c.

3. There may we come at last, to sing
In nobler strains, his praise;
And join the little ones who stand
Before our Father's face.

O Saviour! &c.

92. 8s, 7s & 4s. (Peculiar.)

1. LITTLE child, do you love Jesus?
Oh, how he loves!
Do you wish to go to heaven?
Oh, how he loves!
First of all ask his forgiveness
With your heart, although quite helpless;
Jesus little children blesses;
Oh, how he loves!
2. He will listen to your prayer;
Oh, how he loves!
Feed you by his tender care;
Oh, how he loves!
He became a child just like you;
Here he suffer'd to redeem you;
And at last he died to save you:
Oh, how he loves!
3. Yes, dear Jesus, we will love thee;
Oh, we will love!
Trusting in thy grace to aid us,
Oh, we will love!

And with thee to guide and bless us.
Tread the heavenly way before us,
Singing still, in joyful chorus,
Oh, how he loves!

4. Then, in yon bright world of glory,
Oh, there we'll sing!
There we'll ever bow before thee;
Oh, there we'll sing!
And, with happy spirits blending,
Swell the song that has no ending,
Ever loving, ever singing,
Oh, how he loves!

93. C. M.

1. MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
2. He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
3. To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.
4. Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

94. Peculiar.

1. Jesus died my soul to save;
Blessed truth! blessed truth!
Jesus died my soul to save
From a world of woe.
When he lived on earth a stranger,
He had oft to fly from danger,
That he might the work perform
He had come to do.
2. Jesus had no home on earth;
Mournful truth! mournful truth!
Jesus had no home on earth
He could call his own:
Yet he was the mighty Saviour,
Living in his Father's favour,
'Mid the dark and fearful scenes,
Though he seem'd alone.
3. Jesus is in glory now;
Joyful truth! joyful truth!
Jesus is in glory now,
In the world above:
He has done with tears and sighing,
Earth no more shall see him dying;
Shout, my soul, thy song of praise,
Thou shalt see his love.

95. C. M.

1. SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls his tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2. Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.
3. He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow,
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.
4. The feeblest lamb amid the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

96. S. M.

1. THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?
2. He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
3. If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
4. While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's
dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5. In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
6. The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

97. 11s.

1. THE Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
How tender and watchful my wants to
supply!
He daily provides me with raiment and food;
Whate'er he denies me is meant for my good.
2. The Lord is my Shepherd, then I must obey
His gracious commandments, and walk in
his way;
His fear he will teach me, my heart he'll
renew,
And though I'm so sinful, my sins he'll
subdue.
3. The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
I'm blest when I live, and I'm blest when I
die;
In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,
"For I will be with thee," my Shepherd has
said.
4. The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll sing with
delight,
Till call'd to adore him in regions of light;

Then praise him with angels to bright harps
of gold,
And ever and ever his glory behold.

98. 8s.

1. I KNOW 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
And makes the wounded sinner whole ;
My nature is by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

CHORUS.

Sweetly, sweetly, sweetly singing,
Let us praise him, praise him, praise him,
bringing
Happy voices, voices, voices, ringing
Like the songs of angels round the throne.

- 2 How kind is Jesus, oh, how good !
'Twas for my soul he shed his blood :
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.
Sweetly singing, &c.

3. When I offend by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong,
If I repent, he's reconciled ;
For Jesus loves a little child.
Sweetly singing, &c.

4. To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart ;
Alas, I'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.
Sweetly singing, &c.

99. C. M.

1. DEAR Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!
2. Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near:
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.
3. I cannot feel thee touch my hand,
With pleasure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother does
Her erring little child.
4. But I have felt thee in my thought,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.
5. And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart,
Which tells me thou art there.
6. Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

100. 7s & 6s.

1. I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.

2. I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
3. I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
4. I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
5. I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
6. I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

101. 11s.

1. How loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity for sinners to die!
His hands and his feet were nail'd to the
tree,
And all this he suffer'd for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, hallelujah to the
Lamb!
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! Amen.

2. How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive him by faith in their
heart;
No evil befalls them, their home is above,
And Jesus throws round them the arms of
his love.
Hallelujah, &c.
3. How precious is Jesus to all who believe,
And out of his fulness what grace they re-
ceive!
When weak he supports them; when erring
he guides;
And every thing needful he kindly provides.
Hallelujah, &c.
4. Oh, give then to Jesus your earliest days,
They only are blessed who walk in his ways,
In life and in death he will still be your
friend.
For whom Jesus loves, he loves to the end.
Hallelujah, &c.

102. C. M.

1. THOU blest Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so dear can be.
2. Oh, may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak!
In thee, O Lord, let us rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.
3. Jesus shall ever be our theme,
While in this world we stay;

We'll sing of Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4. When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all this favour'd throng,
Then we will sing, more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

103. 6s & 6s.

1. JESUS, tender Saviour,
Hast thou died for me?
Make me very thankful
In my heart to thee.
2. When the sad, sad story
Of thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry
For my sins, indeed.
3. Now I know thou lovest
And dost plead for me,
Make me very thankful
In my prayers to thee.
4. Soon I hope in glory
At thy side to stand:
Make me fit to meet thee
In that happy land.

104. 7s.

1. JESUS, when a little child
Taught us what we ought to be:
Holy, harmless, undefiled,
Was the Saviour's infancy:
All the Father's glory shone
In the person of his Son.

2. As in age and strength he grew,
Heavenly wisdom fill'd his breast;
Crowds attentive round him drew,
Wondering at their infant guest;
Gazed upon his lovely face,
Saw him full of truth and grace.
3. In his heavenly Father's house
Jesus spent his early days;
There he paid his solemn vows,
There proclaim'd his Father's praise:
Thus it was his lot to gain
Favour both with God and man.
4. Father, guide our steps aright
In the way that Jesus trod;
May it be our great delight
To obey thy will, O God!
Then to us shall soon be given
Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.

105. 7s.

1. To thy pastures green and fair,
Saviour, let a child repair;
I will never stray from thee,
But thy fold my home shall be.
2. Like a gentle lamb, I'll stay
In the meadows fresh and gay;
Peaceful and contented there,
Guarded by my Shepherd's care.
3. By the waters still and clear,
I shall wander without fear;
Happy by my Shepherd's side,
All my wants shall be supplied.

- 4 Lord, wilt thou my Shepherd be?
Help me then to follow thee;
At thy feet myself I cast,
Thee to serve while life shall last.

106. 8s & 7s.

1. Jesus says that we must love him;
Helpless as the lambs are we:
But he very kindly tells us
That our Shepherd he will be.
2. Heavenly Shepherd, please to watch us,
Guard us, both by night and day:
Pity show to little children,
Who like lambs too often stray.
3. We are always prone to wander,
Please to keep us from each snare,
Teach our infant hearts to praise thee,
For thy kindness and thy care.

107. C. M.

1. Thou guardian of our youthful days,
To thee our prayers ascend;
To thee we'll tune our songs of praise,
Jesus, the children's Friend.
2. From thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend;
Oh, save our souls from sin and woe,—
Thou art the children's Friend.
3. Teach us to prize thy holy word,
And to its truths attend;
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the children's Friend.

4. Oh, may we feel a Saviour's love,
To him our souls commend,
Who left his glorious home above,
To be the children's Friend.
5. Lord, draw our youthful hearts to thee,
And, when this life shall end,
Raise us to live above the sky
With thee, the children's Friend.

101. 11s.

1. IN the far better land of glory and light
The ransom'd are singing in garments of
white,
The harpers are harping, and all the bright
train
Sing the song of Redemption,—The Lamb
that was slain.
2. Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus
of praise,
Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient
of Days,
And thrones and dominions re-echo the
strain
Of Glory eternal to Him that was slain.
3. Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices so
faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
Yes! yes! we will sing, and thine ear we
will gain
With the song of Redemption,—The Lamb
that was slain.

4. Now children and teachers and friends all
unite
In a loud Hallelujah with the ransom'd in
light;
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,
The song of Redemption,—The Lamb that was
slain.

109. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us :
Much we need thy tender care ;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus !
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
2. We are thine : do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way ;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus !
Hear young children when they pray.
3. Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus !
Let us early turn to thee.
4. Early let us seek thy favour,
Early let us do thy will ;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosom fill.
Blessed Jesus !
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

110. 7s.

1. HAPPY, Saviour, would I be,
If I could but trust in thee!
Trust thy wisdom me to guide,
Trust thy goodness to provide.
2. Trust thy saving love and power,
Trust thee every day and hour;
Trust in sickness, trust in health,
Trust in poverty and wealth.
3. Trust in joy, and trust in grief,
Trust thy promise for relief;
Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul,
Trust thy grace to make me whole.
4. Trust thee living, dying too,
Trust thee all my journey through;
Trust thee, till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

111. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. SAVIOUR, at thy footstool bending,
We, a youthful band, appear;
May our grateful songs, ascending,
Reach and please thy gracious ear.
Thus to praise thee
Make and keep our hearts sincere.
2. No harsh words of indignation
Drive this little flock from thee;
Gentle is thy invitation:
"Suffer them to come to me."
Dearest Saviour,
Let us each thy kingdom see.

3. Take us, then, thou kind protector,
Keep us by thy watchful care;
Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director;
In thy arms of mercy bear,
Guide to glory:
We shall dwell in safety there.

112. 8s & 7s.

1. SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
2. Teach me some melodious measure.
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
3. Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.
4. By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

113. L. M.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives:
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head.

2. He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
 3. He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.
 4. He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!
-

H O L Y S P I R I T.

114. C. M.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
3. In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate,—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

115. H. M.

1. O THOU that hearest prayer !
Attend our humble cry ;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high ;
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord !
2. If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry ;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply,
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.
3. Our heavenly Father, THOU ;
We, children of thy grace :
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place,
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

116. S. M.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
Let thy bright beams arise ;

Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2. Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
3. Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
4. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
5. Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son and thee.

117. 8s.

1. My Father, when I come to thee,
I would not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek thy face,
With my whole heart desire thy grace.
2. I plead the name of thy dear Son,—
All he has said, all he has done;
Oh, may I feel his love for me,
Who died from sin to set me free.
3. To guide me, Lord, be ever nigh;
My sins forgive, my wants supply;

With favour crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak thy praise.

4. Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;
Impress thy likeness on my heart;
Let me obey thy truth in love,
Till raised to dwell with thee above.

118. 7s.

1. GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.
2. Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.
3. Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
4. Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

119. S. M.

1. THE Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, Sinner, come!
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, Come!

2. Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come!
3. Yes; whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life!
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
4. Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come!"
Lord, even so! I wait thy hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

120. L. M.

1. STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
2. Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved,
3. Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.
4. Now, Lord, my weary soul release;
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

121. 8s & 7s.

1. TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own:
Let thy spirit melt and break it;
Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
Heavenly Father, deign to mould it
In obedience to thy will;
And, as passing years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.
 2. Father, make it pure and lowly,
Peaceful, kind, and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven:
Holy Spirit, take and seal it;
Guide it in the path to heaven.
-

BIBLE.

122. 7s.

1. HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.
2. Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;

Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3. Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.
4. Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

123. 11s.

1. THE Bible! the Bible! more precious than
gold
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of his love;
It shows us the way to the mansions above.
2. The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth!
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of
vice.
3. The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy;
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall
employ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its
worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.
4. The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;

Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and
rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our
schools.

124. 8s & 4s.

1. My Bible! 'tis a book divine,
Where heavenly truth and mercy shine,
And wisdom speaks in every line,
And speaks to me.
2. My Bible! in this book alone
I find God's holy will made known;
And here his love to man is shown—
His love to me.
3. My Bible! here with joy I trace
The records of redeeming grace;
Glad tidings to a sinful race;
Good news to me.
4. My Bible! here it is I read
How Jesus did for sinners bleed:
Oh, this was wondrous love indeed!
Christ bled for me.
5. My Bible! Oh that I may ne'er
Consult it but with faith and prayer,
That I may see my Saviour there,
Who died for me!

125. 8s, 7s & 4s. (Peculiar.)

1. Book of grace, and book of glory!
Gift of God to age and youth;

Wondrous is thy sacred story,—
Bright, bright with truth.

2. Book of love! in accents tender,
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to thee.
3. Book of hope! the spirit sighing
Consolation finds in thee;
As it hears the Saviour crying,
“Come, come to me.”
4. Book of peace! when nights of sorrow
Fall upon us drearily,
Thou wilt bring a shining morrow,
Full, full of thee.
5. Book of life! when we, reposing,
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us, for the life then closing,
Life, life above.

126. 8s & 7s.

1. HOLY Bible, well I love thee:
Thou didst shine upon my way,
Like the glorious sun above me,
Turning darkness into day.

CHORUS.

Just as the sun rolls back the night,
Breaking forth with morning ray,
So does the Bible's spreading light
Chase the shades of sin away.

2. Holy Bible, mines of treasure
 In thy precious folds I see;
 Earthly good would know no measure
 If this world were ruled by thee.

CHORUS.

Just as the sun, from morn till noon,
 Stately climbs the eastern sky,
 So over all the earth shall soon
 Beam the Day-spring from on high.

3. Holy Bible, thou wilt cheer me
 When I lay me down to die;
 Christ has promised to be near me:—
 Can I fear when he is nigh?

CHORUS.

Just as the sun descends at eve,
 Soon with fresher beams to rise,
 So shall the dying saint receive
 Life eternal in the skies.

127. 8s & 7s. (Peculiar.)

1. WHAT is it shows my soul the way
 To realms of everlasting day,
 And tells the danger of delay?
 It is the precious Bible.
2. What teaches me I'm bound to love
 The glorious God who reigns above,
 And that I may his goodness prove?
 It is the precious Bible.
3. What is it gives my spirit rest
 When with the cares of earth oppress'd,
 And points to regions of the blest?
 It is the precious Bible.

4. What tells me that I soon must die,
And to the throne of judgment fly,
To meet the great Jehovah's eye?
It is the precious Bible.
5. Oh, may this treasure ever be
The best of all on earth to me,
And still new beauties may I see
In this the precious Bible!

128. Peculiar.

1. THANK God for the Bible! 'tis there that we
find
The story of Christ and his love,—
How he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
In the mansions of glory above;
Thanks to him we will bring,
Praise to him we will sing,
For he came down to earth, &c.
2. While he lived on this earth, to the sick and
the blind
And to mourners his blessings were given;
And he said, Let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Jesus calls us to come:
He's prepared us a home;
For he said, Let the little ones come, &c.
3. In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.

Jesus calls: shall we stay?
 No, we'll gladly obey,
 For Jesus is there with a heavenly band, &c.

4. Thank God for the Bible! its truths o'er the earth

We'll scatter with bountiful hand; ,
 But we never can tell what a Bible is worth.
 Till we go to that beautiful land;
 There our thanks we will bring,
 There with angels we'll sing,
 And its worth we can tell when with Jesus
 we dwell,
 In heaven,—that beautiful land.

129. 11s.

1. OH, send forth the Bible, more precious than gold!

Let no one presume the best gift to withhold
 It speaks to all nations in language so plain
 That he who will read it true wisdom may gain.

2. It points us to heaven, where the righteous will go;

It warns us to shun the dark regions of woe
 It shows us the evil and dangers of sin,
 And opens a fountain for cleansing within.

3. It tells us of One who is mighty to save,
 Who died on the cross, and arose from the grave,

Who dwelleth on high in that holy abode.
 Interceding for man with a pardoning God

4. It tells us that all will awake from the tomb,
Bids sinners reflect on a judgment to come;
It tells us that mansions of bliss are prepared,
The hope of believers,—their glorious award.
5. Oh, who would neglect such a volume as this,
That warns us from danger, invites us to
 bliss?
Send forth the blest Bible earth's regions
 around,
Wherever the footsteps of man shall be found.

130. 7s & 6s.

1. WE'LL not give up the Bible,
 God's holy Book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
 The guide of early youth,
The sun that sheds a glorious light
 O'er every dreary road,
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love
 And calls us home to God.
2. We'll not give up the Bible,
 For pleasure or for pain;
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not,
 For all that we might gain:
Though man should try to take our prize
 By guile or cruel might,
We'll suffer all that man could do,
 And God defend the right!
3. We'll not give up the Bible,
 But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
 Beyond the rolling tide:

Till all shall know its gracious power,
And, with one voice and heart,
Resolve that from God's sacred Word
We'll never, never part!

131. C. M.

1. JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.
2. Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more, clearly still.
3. Help me to read the Bible o'er
With ever new delight:
Help me to love its Author more;
To seek thee day and night.
- 4 Oh, let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

132. 6s.

- 1 SKEPTIC, spare that book;
Touch not a single leaf,
Nor on its pages look
With eyes of unbelief;
'Twas my forefathers' stay
In the hour of agony;
Skeptic, go thy way,
And let that book be.

2. That good old Book of Life
For centuries has stood
Unharm'd, amid the strife,
When earth was drunk with blood;
And wouldst thou harm it now,
And have its truths forgot?
Skeptic, forbear thy blow,
Thy hand shall harm it not!
3. Its very name recalls
The happy hours of youth,
When in my grandsire's halls
I heard its tales of truth;
I've seen his white hair flow
O'er that volume as he read;
But that was long ago,
And the good old man is dead.
4. My dear grandmother, too,
When I was but a boy,—
I've seen her eyes of blue
Weep o'er it tears of joy;
Their traces linger still,
And dear are they to me:
Skeptic, forego thy will:
Go, let that old book be.

133. C. M.

1. How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
2. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;

And though the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

3. Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth
And well support our age.
4. Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I have the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

134. L. M.

1. THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word
We read thy name in fairer lines.
2. The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
3. Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
4. Nor will thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

SABBATH.

135. H. M.

1. WELCOME, delightful morn!
 Thou day of sacred rest;
 I hail thy kind return;
 Lord, make these moments best.
 From low delights and trifling toys
 I soar to reach immortal joys.
2. Now may the King descend,
 And fill his throne of grace;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address thy face;
 Let sinners feel thy quickening word
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.
3. Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Reveal a Saviour's love,
 And bless these sacred hours;
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths be enjoy'd in vain.

136. 7s. (6 lines.)

1. SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day,—
 Day of all the week the best.
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2. While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.
3. As we meet, thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
4. May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

137. L. M.

1. ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.
2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,
Draws us away from earth to heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
3. Oh, may our prayers and praises rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

4. In holy duties may the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

138. L. M.

1. I LOVE to have the Sabbath come,
For then I rise and quit my home,
And haste to school, with cheerful air,
To meet my dearest teachers there.
2. 'Tis there I'm always taught to pray
That God would bless me day by day,
And safely guard and guide me still,
And help me to obey his will.
3. 'Tis there I sing a Saviour's love,
Which brought him from his throne above
And made him suffer, bleed and die
For sinful creatures such as I.
4. From all the lessons I obtain
May I a store of knowledge gain,
And early seek my Saviour's face
And gain from him supplies of grace
5. And then, through life's remaining days,
I'll love to sing my Saviour's praise,
And bless the kindness and the grace
That brought me to this sacred place.

139. C. M.

1. THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;

Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

2. To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
3. Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! Descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
4. Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace,
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
5. Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise

140. 7s.

1. WELCOME, welcome, day of rest,
To the world in kindness given,
Welcome to this humble breast,
As the beaming light from heaven.
2. Day of soft and sweet repose,
Gently now thy moments run,
As the peaceful streamlet flows,
Radiant with a summer's sun.
3. Day of tidings from the skies,
Day of solemn praise and prayer,

Day to make the simple wise,
Oh, how great thy blessings are!

4. Welcome, welcome, day of rest,
With thy influence all divine,
May thy hallow'd hours be blest
To this feeble heart of mine!

141. 5s, 7s & 8s.

1. Oh, welcome the day,
The Sabbath-day returning,
Sweet day of rest!—we love it best;
Oh, welcome the day.
Our youthful voices join to sing
Hosannas to our Saviour-King;
He loves the praise we bring
On this holy day.
2. How blest is this hour,
The hour of happy greeting,
While here we sit at Jesus' feet!
How blest is the hour!
He kindly bids us all draw near:
His winning accents banish fear;
His voice we love to hear
At this blessed hour.
3. Oh, come, let us pray
To Jesus interceding
With God above for pardoning love,
Oh, come, let us pray.
With humble hearts before his face,
Now let us seek forgiving grace:
He hears the soul that prays:
Come, then, let us pray.

142. 8s.

1. How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day when the Saviour arose!
'Tis heaven his beauties to see
And in his soft arms to repose;
But if he will make me his child,
I'll never forsake him again;
He knows I am weak and defiled,
My life is but empty and vain.
2. This day he invites me to come:
How kindly he bids me draw near!
He offers me heaven for home,
And wipes off the penitent tear:
He offers to pardon my sin
And keep me from every snare,
To sprinkle and cleanse me within
And show me his tenderest care.
3. I cannot, I must not, refuse;
His goodness has conquer'd my heart:
The Lord for my portion I choose,
And bid all my folly depart.
How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day my Redeemer arose!
'Tis heaven his beauties to see
And in his soft arms to repose.

143. 11s.

1. How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest,
The day of the week which I surely love best,
The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb
And took from the grave all its terror and
gloom.

2. Oh, let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a minute in trifling or play,
Remembering these seasons were graciously
 given
To teach me to seek and prepare me for
 heaven.
3. In the house of my God, in his presence and
 fear,
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere !
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me
 there !
4. Instruct me, my Saviour: a child though I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by thee ;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways ;
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give
 thee the praise.

144. 7s, 6s & 5s.

- 1 PLEASANT is the Sabbath bell,
 In the light, in the light,
Seeming much of joy to tell,
 In the light of God.
But a music sweeter far,
 In the light, in the light,
Breathes where angel spirits are,
 In the light of God.

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light,
Walk in the light,
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

- 2 Shall we ever rise to dwell,
In the light, in the light,
Where immortal praises swell,
In the light of God?
And can children ever go,
In the light, in the light,
Where eternal Sabbaths glow,
In the light of God?
Let us walk, &c.
3. Yes, that bliss our own may be,
In the light, in the light,
All the good shall Jesus see,
In the light of God.
For the good a rest remains,
In the light, in the light,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns,
In the light of God.
Let us walk, &c.

145. Peculiar.

1. JESUS, we love to meet
On this thy holy day.
We worship round thy seat
On this thy holy day.
Thou tender, heavenly Friend,
To thee our prayers ascend:
O'er our young spirits bend
On this thy holy day.
2. We dare not trifle now
On this thy holy day.
In silent awe we bow
On this thy holy day.

Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve thee as we ought
On this thy holy day.

- 8 We listen to thy word
On this thy holy day.
Bless all that we have heard
On this thy holy day.
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart
On this thy holy day.
-

SABBATH-SCHOOL.

146. 10s & 7s.

1. Oh, we love to come to our Sabbath home,
And learn of our teachers dear,
Who point us with love to our home above,
And the crown that awaits us there.
2. Oh, we love to come to our Sabbath home,
When the six days' toil is o'er,
And read and sing of our heavenly King,
And learn to love him more.
3. Oh, we love to come to our Sabbath home,
But we would not come alone:
We would each bring in from the paths of sin
Some wretched, wandering one:

4. Whose feet now stray in the broad, broad way,
Who know not of God or heaven;
And would bid them taste of the blessed feast
Which our Father's love hath given.
- 5 Then toil we on till the race is won,
And the pearly gates unfold,
And we find our rest on the Saviour's breast,
At home in the city of gold.

147. C. M.

1. THE Sunday-school, that blessed place!
Oh, I would rather stay
Within its walls, a child of grace,
Than spend my hours in play.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
Oh, 'tis the place I love,
For there I learn the golden rule
Which leads to joys above.
2. 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died
For sinners such as I;
Oh, what has all the world beside,
That I should prize so high?
The Sunday-school, &c.
3. Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given,
To Him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.
The Sunday-school, &c.
4. And welcome, then, the Sunday-school,
We'll read, and sing, and pray,

That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.
The Sunday-school, &c.

148. 8s.

1. THE Sabbath-school's a place of prayer,
I love to meet my teachers there:
They teach me there that every one
May find in heaven a happy home.
I love to go—I love to go—
I love to go to Sabbath-school.
2. In God's own book we're taught to read
How Christ for sinners groan'd and bled;
That precious blood a ransom gave
For sinful man—his soul to save.
I love to go—I love to go—
I love to go to Sabbath-school.
3. In Sabbath-school we sing and pray,
And learn to love the Sabbath-day,
That, when on earth our Sabbaths end,
A glorious rest in heaven we'll spend.
I love to go—I love to go—
I love to go to Sabbath-school.
4. And when our days on earth are o'er,
We'll meet in heaven to part no more;
Our teachers kind we there shall greet,
And, oh, what joy 'twill be to meet
In heaven above—in heaven above—
In heaven above, to part no more!

149. L. M.

1. THE Sunday-school, how dear to me!
Within thy walls I love to be;
My youthful heart with joy is full
When I am in the Sunday-school,—
The Sunday-school.
2. 'Tis here that I my teachers see,
Who're always pleased to welcome me,
As on the Sabbath-day we meet
In our accustom'd class and seat
In Sunday-school.
3. 'Tis here that I am taught to read
God's holy word, and feel the need
Of quickening grace and pardoning love
To fit me for yon heaven above—
In Sunday-school.
4. 'Tis here that I am taught to pray,
And love God's holy Sabbath-day,
To sing his praise and learn his will
And all my duties to fulfil—
In Sunday-school.
5. 'Tis here I learn that Christ has died,
That he for me was crucified,
That he my precious soul has bought:
These blessed truths I here am taught—
In Sunday-school.
6. These golden hours will soon be o'er,
And I shall go to school no more:
So I'm resolved to form the plan
To strive and profit all I can
In Sunday-school.

Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep, celestial spring.

3. This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls! your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.
4. Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore and bless.

156. L. M.

1. RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
2. Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
3. Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive
4. Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

157. L. M.

1. BEHOLD a Stranger at the door !
He gently knocks,—has knock'd before ;
Has waited long, is waiting still :
You treat no other friend so ill.
2. Oh, lovely attitude !—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands :—
Oh, matchless kindness !—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes !
3. But will he prove a friend indeed ?
He will,—the very Friend you need ;
The Friend of sinners,—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.
4. Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.
5. Admit him ere his anger burn :
His feet departed ne'er return ;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

158. C. M.

1. COME, sinner, to the gospel-feast,
Oh, come without delay !
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.
2. There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul ;

Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3. There's room within the church, redeem'd
With blood of Christ divine,
Room in the white-robed throng convened,
For that dear soul of thine.
4. There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.
5. There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more :
Oh, come and welcome to the Lord ;
Yea, come this very hour.

159. 7s.

1. HEAR ye not a voice from heaven,
To the listening spirit given ?
"Children, come!" it seems to say,
"Give your hearts to me to-day."
2. Sweet as is a mother's love,
Tender as the heavenly Dove,
Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms ;
Thus it wins us to his arms.
3. Lord, may we remember thee,
While from pains and sorrows free,
While our day is in its dew,
And the clouds of life are few

4. Then, when night and age appear,
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear;
Thou our glorious leader be,
When the stars shall fade and flee.
5. Now to thee, O Lord, we come,
In our morning's early bloom;
Breathe on us thy grace divine:
Touch our hearts and make them thine.

160. 8s & 7s.

1. COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruin'd by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Open'd when our Saviour died.
2. Come in poverty and meanness,
Come defiled, without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white:
Ye shall walk with God in light.
3. Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.
4. He that drinks shall live forever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:

God is faithful,—God will never
Break HIS covenant in blood,
Sign'd when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd when he was glorified.

161. C. M.

1. YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.
2. See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you fast, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.
3. Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.
4. Oh, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
5. There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.
6. And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

162. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. **HARK!** the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky !
 " It is finish'd !"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
2. " It is finish'd !"—oh, what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford !
 Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord ;
 " It is finish'd !"
 Saints, the dying words record.
3. Finish'd,—all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law ;
 Finish'd,—all that God had promised ;
 Death and hell no more shall awe :
 " It is finish'd !"
 Saints, from hence your comforts draw.
4. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
 All on earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name ;
 Hallelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

163. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. **HEAR,** O sinner ! mercy hails you,
 Now with sweetest voice she calls ;
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls :

Trust in Jesus ;
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour !—
Seek his mercy while you may ;
Soon the day of grace is over ;
Soon your life will pass away !
Haste to Jesus ;
You must perish if you stay.

164. 7s. (Double.)

1. SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
God your Maker asks you why ;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live ;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands ;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye slight his love and die ?
2. Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God your Saviour asks you why :
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that you might live.
Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye careless sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die ?
3. Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God the Spirit asks you why :
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woodyou to embrace his love :

Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 O ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye forever die?

165. 7s.

1. COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come, and make my paths your choice;
 I will guide you to your home:
 Weary wanderer, hither come.
2. Hither come, for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound,
 Peace that ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

166. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. COME, ye sinners, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
 If you wait till you are better,
 You will never come at all:
 Sinners only,
 Christ, the Saviour, came to call.
2. Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him;
 This he gives you,—
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
3. Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;

On the bloody tree behold him,
There he groans and bleeds and dies.
“It is finish’d!”—
Heaven accepts the sacrifice.

4. Lo! the incarnate God ascending
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
5. Saints and angels, join’d in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!—
Sinners here may sing the same.

167. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, oh, how tender!—
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it!
Every line is full of love!
2. Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion’s King proclaim,—
“Pardon to each rebel sinner,
Free forgiveness in his name:”
Oh, how gracious!
Free forgiveness in his name.”

168. 8s & 7s.

1. COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.
Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honour and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.
2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.
Turn, &c.
3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.
Turn, &c.
4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Turn, &c.
5. Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies.
Turn, &c.

169. 8s & 6s, or L. M.

1. Just as thou art,—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,—
O guilty sinner, come!
2. Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes thy due were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free,—
O wretched sinner, come!
3. Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss,—
O needy sinner, come!
4. Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,—
O trembling sinner, come!
5. The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
come:
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

170. S. M.

1. O THOU who wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery:

Show me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe,
 That when thou comest on thy throne,
 I may with joy appear.

2. Thou art thyself the way;
 Thyself in me reveal;
 So shall I spend my life's short day
 Obedient to thy will:
 So shall I love my God,
 Because he first loved me,
 And praise thee in thy bright abode
 To all eternity.

171. 7s.

1. BROTHER, hast thou wander'd far
 From thy Father's happy home,
 With thyself and God at war?
 Turn thee, brother; homeward come.
2. Hast thou wasted all the powers
 God for noble uses gave?
 Squander'd life's most golden hours?
 Turn thee, brother; God can save.
3. He can heal thy bitterest wound,
 He thy gentlest prayer can hear:
 Seek him, for he may be found;
 Call upon him; he is near.

172. 7s & 5s.

- a. COME to Jesus, little one;
 Come to Jesus now;
 Humbly at his gracious throne,
 In submission, bow.

2. At his feet confess your sin ;
 Seek forgiveness there ;
 For his blood can make you clean,—
 He will hear your prayer.
3. Seek his face without delay ;
 Give him now your heart ;
 Tarry not, but, while you may,
 Choose the better part.

173. 7s & 6s.

1. I MUST obey my mother,
 So gentle, kind and true :
 Her loving hand has led me
 Thus far life's pathway through.
 She watches o'er me fondly,
 And keeps the thorns away ;
 And it would deeply grieve her
 If I should not obey.
2. I must obey my mother ;
 For, when I helpless lay
 A babe upon her bosom,
 She watch'd me day by day.
 She caught my earliest lisping
 • And charm'd it into speech,
 And train'd my timid footsteps,
 And sought my soul to teach.
3. I must obey my mother ;
 For I remember well
 That Christ was thus submissive
 While he on earth did dwell.
 He did his mother's bidding,
 He still was meek and mild ;
 And he will grant a blessing
 To each obedient child.

174. 7s.

1. **HASTEN**, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
2. Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.
3. Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
4. Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

175. L. M.

1. **SAY**, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin
And yield thy heart to God's control?
2. Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
3. Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time this warning kind;
That call thou mayest not always slight
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4. God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd. self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.
5. Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

176. 6s & 4s.

1. To-day the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come!
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly:
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.
3. To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.
4. The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

177. 11s.

1. DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for
thee;

No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

- 2 Delay not, delay not: why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is open'd, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning
blood?
3. Delay not, delay not: the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its
sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

178. S. M.

1. Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
2. Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day,
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?
3. Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
4. Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love:
Then will the angels swiftly fly,
To bear the news above.

179. C. M.

1. OH, say not, "I will yet delay
To seek God's offer'd grace;"
When Jesus, with a voice of love,
Says now, "Seek thou my face."
2. Say not, "To-morrow I will turn:"
To thee it may not come;
For e'en this night thy soul may hear
Its everlasting doom.
3. Say not, "When sickness lays me low,
I will begin to pray;"
For swift disease, or sudden death,
May call thy soul away.
4. But say, with earnestness and faith,
"Jesus, I come to thee;
Now, from this moment, by thy grace,
Help me from sin to flee.
5. "Now, for thy tender mercy's sake,
Forgive my past delay,
And in thine own redeeming blood
Wash all my sins away.
6. "Now, by thy Holy Spirit's power,
Renew this heart of mine;
And may the life which thou hast spared
Be henceforth wholly thine."

180. C. M.

1. PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope
Or spark of glimmering day.

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, oh, amazing love!
He ran to our relief!
3. Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
4. Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

181. 78.

1. HARK, my soul! it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
" Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?
2. " I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
3. " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
4. " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be :
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?"

5. Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore;
Oh for grace to love thee more!

182. P. M.

1. **LITTLE** children, Jesus calls you,
Listen to his blessed voice;
Sinners try in vain to shun it,
Christians hail it and rejoice.
Come, then, children, join to sing
Glory to our Saviour-King.
2. Little children, come to Jesus;
See him still inviting stand:
Hark! he bids you leave destruction,
Calls you to the better land.
Come, then, &c.
3. Little children, look to Jesus,
Look to Jesus, look and live;
Jesus suffer'd death to save you,
Freest pardon he will give.
Come, then, &c.

183. 7s. (6 lines.)

1. **CHILDREN**, you have gone astray,
Far from God, and peace, and heaven:
Would you leave that dangerous way?
Would you have your sins forgiven?
Christ can all your sins forgive;
Look to Jesus, look and live.

2. Children, you have sinful hearts;
 Jesus Christ can make you whole;
 He can cleanse your inward parts,
 Sanctify and save your soul.
 Jesus a new heart can give;
 Look to Jesus, look and live.

3. Children, you may shortly die;
 Jesus died your souls to save;
 If you to the Saviour fly,
 You shall live beyond the grave.
 Life eternal He will give,
 Look to Jesus, look and live.

184. 7s & 6s.

1. Go thou in life's fair morning,
 Go in thy bloom of youth,
 And seek, for thine adorning,
 The precious pearl of truth:
 Secure the heavenly treasure,
 And bind it on thy heart;
 And let no earthly pleasure
 E'er cause it to depart.

2. Go, while the day-star shineth,
 Go, while thy heart is light,
 Go, ere thy strength declineth,
 While every sense is bright:
 Sell all thou hast, and buy it:
 'Tis worth all earthly things,—
 Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
 Sceptres and crowns of kings!

3. Go, ere the cloud of sorrow
 Steals o'er thy bloom of youth;

Defer not till to-morrow :
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator ;
Learn early to be wise ;
Go, place upon the altar
A morning sacrifice.

185. 8s & 5s.

1. I WAS once a thoughtless wanderer,
Far away from God ;
Earthly cares absorb'd and charm'd me,
Sinful paths I trod.
Some around me found their Saviour,
And from guilt were free ;
Joyous were their hopes of heaven :
'Twas not so with me.
2. I was troubled with my burden,
Hard it was to bear ;
Rest I sought, but could not find it,
Peace I could not share.
I had stray'd and sinn'd so often,
Lost I seem'd to be ;
Many were in Jesus happy :
'Twas not so with me.
3. Now, deliver'd from my burden,
Peace and joy are mine ;
On my heart are ever falling
Beams of light divine.
I have sought and found my Saviour ;
Dear he seems to be ;
And as others loved and praised him,
Now 'tis so with me.

- 4 Sinner, worn with grief and sorrow,
Come to Jesus now,
Let your heart with true repentance
Low before him bow;
He invites you, he entreats you,
"Sinner, come to me!"
And while others are rejoicing,
'Twill be so with thee.

186. 7s & 6s.

1. Oh, come in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have wither'd,
And sorrow end thy day.
Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow,
Come, ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.
2. "Remember thy Creator"
Now in thy youthful days,
And he will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.
"Remember thy Creator,"
He calls in tones of love,
And offers deathless glories
In brighter worlds above.
3. And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace
And cheer thy drooping heart.
And when life's storm is over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

187. 4s & 8s.

1. Come, children, come!
God bids you come!
Come, and learn to sing the story
Of the Lord of life and glory:
Come, children, come.
2. Come, children, come!
Christ bids you come!
Early seek his face and favour,
Love and serve your blessed Saviour:
Come, children, come.
3. Come, children, come!
The Spirit says come!
Come, with Zion's sons and daughters,
To the springs of living waters:
Come, children, come.
4. Come, children, come;
All bid you come;
Come unite your hearts and voices,
Listening heaven then rejoices:
Come, children, come.
5. Come, children, come;
Make heaven your home;
Then, though earthly ties may sever,
You shall live with Christ forever,
Come, children, come.

188. 11s.

1. Oh, come, children, come to the Saviour to-day:
Come, for all things 'are ready, oh, haste ye
away:
Come and welcome to Jesus, nor longer delay.

2. He invites you to come: to his words now attend:
He calls you in love: he's the children's best Friend:
Come and welcome to Jesus, the children's kind Friend.
3. He died that the souls of the children might live:
He lives now in glory their prayers to receive:
Come and welcome to Jesus: repent and believe.
4. The Spirit says, "Come:" his gentle voice hear:
To-day pray for pardon, while Jesus is near:
Come and welcome to Jesus while he is so near.

189. 7s & 6s.

1. HARK! a voice! a heavenly voice,
Floating lightly, lightly by!
"Come to Jesus and rejoice:
Live with him on high!"
Yes! we come! to Jesus come;
For our Saviour dear
Soon will call us to his home,
Free from every fear.
2. Hark! a voice! a heavenly voice!
Singing sweetly, sweetly now;
"'Tis the hour to make thy choice,
Come! to Jesus bow!"
Jesus' love,—worth more than gold
Dug from out the richest mines,—
Jesus' love, like wealth untold,
Round the heart entwines.

3. Hark! a voice! a heavenly voice!
 Hear it! sounding through the land:
 "Souls on earth make heaven rejoice,
 Who for Jesus stand."
 Jesus! take us in thine arms;
 Suffer that we come to thee:
 With thy blessing, earthly harms
 From our path will flee.

190. 8s & 3s.

1. We're travelling home to heaven above:
 Will you go?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love:
 Will you go?
 Millions have reach'd that blest abode,
 Anointed kings and priests to God,
 And millions more are on the road:
 Will you go?
2. We're going to walk the plains of light:
 Will you go?
 Far, far from death and curse and night:
 Will you go?
 The crown of life we then shall wear,
 The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share:
 Will you go?
3. The way to heaven is straight and plain:
 Will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again!
 Will you go?
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow me,
 And thou shalt my salvation see:"
 Will you go?

4. Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
 "I will go."
 Oh, could I hear him humbly pray,
 "Make me go."
 And all his old companions tell,
 "I will not go with you to hell:
 I long with Jesus Christ to dwell.
 Let me go."

191. 7s & 5s.

1. Rouse ye at the Saviour's call!
 Children, rouse ye, one and all:
 Wake, or soon your souls will fall,
 Fall in deep despair.
 Woe to him who turns away!
 Jesus kindly calls to-day;
 Come, O children, while you may,
 Raise your souls in prayer.
2. Heard ye not the Saviour's cry?
 "Turn, oh, turn: why will you die?"
 And, in keenest agony,
 Mourn too late your doom!
 Haste, for time is rushing on;
 Soon the fleeting hour is gone,
 The lifted arrow flies anon
 To sink you in the tomb.
3. By the Saviour's bleeding love,
 By the joys of heaven above,
 Let these words your spirits move;
 Quick to Jesus fly!
 Come, and save your souls from death,
 Haste! escape Jehovah's wrath;
 Fly! for life's a fleeting breath:
 Soon, oh, soon you'll die.

192. 6s & 4s. (Peculiar.)

1. CHILD of sin and sorrow, fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow; yield ye to-day.
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room.
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.
2. Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow help from on
high:
Grieve not that love
Which from above—
Child of sin and sorrow—
Would bring thee nigh.
3. Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee
Through that long to-morrow, eternity?
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam,—
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?
- 4 Child of sin and sorrow, lift up thine eye!
Heirship thou canst borrow in worlds on high!
In that high home,
Graven thy name:
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly!

193. 8s & 7s.

1. To the wandering and the weary,
Everywhere on land and sea,

- Jesus calls in tones of mercy,
 "Come, dear children, come to me."
2. From our home, our household altar,
 When our father bends the knee,
 Oft we hear a voice inviting,
 "Come, dear children, come to me."
3. When, at night, upon our pillow,
 We have pray'd our prayer to thee,
 Then we felt the word unspoken,
 "Come, dear children, come to me."
4. Oft we hear it when our teachers
 Talk to us of Calvary:
 In our hearts its tones re-echo:—
 "Come, dear children, come to me,"
5. When we pass death's troubled river,
 Calm and peaceful it will be,
 If we hear that voice of voices,
 "Come, dear children, come to me."

194. C. M.

1. Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
 In smiling crowds draw near,
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.
2. He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you,
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.
3. "The soul that longs to see my face
 Is sure my love to gain;

And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."

4. What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like that in Christ I see?
5. Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

195. 12s & 8s.

1. WHEN the harvest is past and the summer is
gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er,
When the beams cease to break of the sweet
Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more,
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall
blow,
The gospel no message declare,—
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings
of woe,
How suffer the night of despair?
2. When the holy have gone to the regions of peace
To dwell in the mansions above,—
When their harmony wakes, in the fulness of
bliss,
Their song to the Saviour they love,—
Say, O sinner who livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

REPENTANCE.

196. Peculiar.

1. By faith I view my Saviour dying
 On the tree;
 To every nation he is crying,
 Look to me!
 He bids the guilty now draw near,
 Repent, believe, dismiss their fear:
 Hark! hark! what precious words I hear!
 Mercy's free! mercy's free!

2. Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
 Pity me?
 And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
 Can it be?
 Oh, yes! he did salvation bring:
 He is my Prophet, Priest and King;
 And now my happy soul can sing,
 Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

3. Jesus my weary soul refreshes;
 Mercy's free!
 And every moment Christ is precious
 Unto me.
 None can describe the bliss I prove:
 While through this wilderness I rove;
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
 Mercy's free! mercy's free!

4. Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
 "Mercy's free!"
 And this shall be my theme when dying,
 "Mercy's free!"

And when the vale of death I've pass'd,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
 "Mercy's free! mercy's free!"

197. C. M.

1. ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God the mighty Maker died
 For man the creature's sin.
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away;
 'Tis all that I can do.

198. S. M.

1. IF Jesus Christ was sent
 To save us from our sin
 And kindly teach us to repent,
 We should at once begin.

2. He says he loves to see
A broken-hearted one ;
He loves that sinners, such as we,
Should mourn for what we've done.
3. 'Tis not enough to say
We're sorry and repent,
Yet still go on from day to day
Just as we always went.
4. Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.
- 5 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray :
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.
6. And since the Saviour came
To make us turn from sin,
With holy grief and humble shame
We would at once begin.

199. S. M.

1. DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
2. The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see ;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for me.

3. He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

200. C. M.

1. If you will turn away from sin
In childhood's early day,
The Lord will make you pure within,
And take your guilt away.
2. He'll show you all his matchless love,
He'll make you heirs of light,
And give you grace, that you may prove
Still faithful in his sight.
3. He'll lead you in the pleasant way,
Of holiness and peace,
And guide you thus to endless day,
Where sin and sorrow cease.
4. Oh, stay not in the road to death,
But to the Saviour come!
And when you lose life's fleeting breath
He'll send and take you home.

201. S. M.

1. Is this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?
2. To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3. Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, our hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

202. C. M.

1. A SINNER, Lord, behold, I stand,
In thought and word and deed;
But Jesus sits at thy right hand,
For such to intercede.
2. From early infancy, I know,
A rebel I have been;
And daily as I older grow
I fear I grow in sin.
3. But God can change this evil heart,
And give a holy mind,
And his own heavenly grace impart,
Which those who seek shall find.
4. Then let me all my sins confess,
And pardoning grace implore,
That I may learn thy righteousness
And love my Saviour more.

203. S. M.

1. LORD, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled;
Oh, take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.
2. I cannot live in sin
And feel a Saviour's love:
Thy blood can make my spirit clean:
Oh, write my name above!

204. 7s.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face,
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands !
God is love ! I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
4. Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love ?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget ?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet.
5. Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my fall lament,
Now my soul's revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

205. S. M.

- 1 RETURN, and come to God ;
Cast all your sins away ;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
Repent, believe, obey.
2. Say not, ye cannot come ;
For Jesus bled and died
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.

3. Say not, ye will not come ;
Tis God vouchsafes to call ;
And fearful shall their end be found
On whom his wrath shall fall.
4. Come then, whoever will,
Come, while 'tis call'd to-day ;
Flee to the Saviour's c'eaning blood ;
Repent, believe, obey.

206. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain ;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory :
Shall he plead with you in vain ?
Oh, receive him,
And salvation now obtain.
2. Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight ;
Jesus loves the pure and holy ;
They alone are his delight :
Seek his favour,
And your hearts to him unite.
3. All your sins to Him confessing
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe ;
He is waiting :
Will you not his grace receive ?

207. 8s & 7s.

1. SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;

Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2. Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.
3. Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze.
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.
4. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
5. Here, in tender, grateful sorrow,
With my Saviour will I stay;
Here new hope and strength will borrow;
Here will love my fears away

208. 11s.

1. OH, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
2. How vain the delusion, that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better by staying
away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as
you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so
free.

3. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive:
Oh, how can you question if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.
4. Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And, trusting in Heaven, we never shall part:
Oh, how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

209. C. M. Double.

1. JESUS, thou art the sinner's Friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fulness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.
Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary,
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
2. Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.
I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

8. Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer-God,
Jesus, remember me.

210. 8s & 5s.

1. I AM wretched, poor and needy :
Whither shall I fly ?
There's a voice within that tells me
I must surely die.
Some have sought him ; some have found
him :
From their fears set free,
They sing his praises all the day ;
But 'tis not so with me.
2. Oft he calls me as he passes,
Bids me come to him :
Oh, I cannot find the Saviour,
For my eyes are dim.
Some have sought him ; some have found
him :
From their blindness free,
They follow Jesus in the way ;
But 'tis not so with me.
3. Conscience tells me of my danger,
Bids me not delay ;
But I wander without knowing
How to find the way.

Some have found him, and press onward :
 From their burdens free,
 The shining goal is full in view ;
 But 'tis not so with me.

211. 7s & 6s.

1. I WANT to be like Jesus,
 So lowly and so meek ;
 For no one mark'd an angry word
 That ever heard him speak.
 I want to be like Jesus,
 So frequently in prayer ;
 Alone upon the mountain-top
 He met his Father there.
2. I want to be like Jesus ;
 I never, never find
 That he, though persecuted, was
 To any one unkind.
 I want to be like Jesus,
 Engaged in doing good,
 So that of me it may be said,
 "She hath done what she could."
3. I want to be like Jesus,
 So lowly and so meek ;
 For no one mark'd an angry word
 That ever heard him speak.
 Alas ! I'm not like Jesus,
 As any one may see ;
 O gentle Saviour, send thy grace,
 And make me like to thee.

212. Peculiar.

1. **COME**, little children, oh, come unto me !
Oh, will you come ? oh, will you come ?
I'll be your Saviour, and happy you'll be ;
Oh, will you come ? oh, will you come ?
Ye little lambs, I invite you to come
And dwell with me in my heavenly home ;
There in my bosom you all shall find room :
Oh, will you come ? will you come ?
2. **Yes**, blessed Jesus, we'll come unto thee ;
Oh, we will come ! oh, we will come !
Thou our Protector and Saviour shalt be ;
Oh, we will come ! oh, we will come !
Guide us, dear Saviour, through life's dreary
way ;
Soon shall we come to that glorious day
When sin and sorrow shall vanish away :
Oh, we will come ! we will come.

213. 8s & 6s, or L. M.

1. **Just** as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !
2. **Just** as I am, and waiting not
To cleanse my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can wash each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
3. **Just** as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come !

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee I find,—
O Lamb of God, I come!
5. Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,—
O Lamb of God, I come!
6. Just as I am, thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

214. S. M. Double.

1. I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I would not be controll'd.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I loved afar to roam.
2. The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

8. Jesus my Shepherd is :

'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that wash'd me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole ;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Twas he that still doth keep.

4. No more a wandering sheep,

I love to be controll'd,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold ;
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

215. L. M.

1. SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive :

Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

2. Oh, wash my soul from every stain,

And make my guilty conscience clean !
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

3. My lips with shame my sins confess

Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

216. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turn'd to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears begone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.
2. Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.
3. Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God:
Thou shalt praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

217. L. M.

1. A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2. My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
3. Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
4. Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

218. L. M.

1. Oh that my load of sin were gone,
Oh that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
2. Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
4. Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

6. I would, but thou must give the power :
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

219. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. **WELCOME**, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine :
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine ;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.
2. Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear ;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near.
Shout, O Zion !
Shout, ye saints ! the Lord is here.
-

RELIGION.

220. C. M.

- 1 **SWEET** was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue,

And when the evening shade prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
4. Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns,
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
5. Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail:
Let me that mercy share.

221. 5s & 6s. —

1. BEGONE, unbelief!
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.
2. Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide.
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

3. His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long;
And then, oh, how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

222. C. M.

1. ~~The~~ gospel comes with welcome news
To sinners lost like me:
Their various schemes let others choose
Saviour, I come to thee!
2. Of sinners sure I am the chief,
But grace is rich and free:
This lovely truth affords relief
To *sinners*, even to *me*.
3. Of merit now let others speak,
But merit I have none;
I'm justified for Jesus' sake,
I'm saved by grace alone.
4. 'Twas grace my stubborn heart first won,
'Tis grace that holds me fast:
Grace will complete the work begun,
And save me at the last.

223. C. M.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
3. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art
I'll praise thee as I ought.

CHORUS.

I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And through his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

224. C. M.

1. THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

225. S. M.

1. GRACE!—'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
3. Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise

226. L. M.

1. COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.
2. They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
3. Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;

My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4. Jesus! we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

227. C. M.

1. Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth might hear.
2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My treasure and my trust;
The world, compared with thee, is nought,
And all its treasure dust.
3. All that my loftiest thoughts can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
4. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all my wounds,
The cordial of my care.

228. C. M.

1. Oh for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne
And worship only thee.
3. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

229. S. M.

1. Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,—
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
3. My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
4. My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
5. Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

230. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side that flow d
Be of sin the perfect cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
2. Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

231. 7s. Double.

1. JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.
2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:

Leave, oh, leave me not alone !
Still support and comfort me ;
All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

232. 6s & 4s.

1. My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
2. May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart ;
My zeal inspire :
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,

Be thou my Guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest, Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove:
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul.

233. L. M.

1. JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
2. Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
3. Ashamed of Jesus,—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
4. Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

234. C. M.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.
2. Jesus, my God!—I know his name,—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
3. Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.
4. Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

235. L. M.

1. WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God:

All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

3. See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

236. L. M.

1. My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
2. Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4. Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

237. C. M.

1. AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!
3. Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come:
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

238. 8s.

1. O JESUS, delight of my soul,
My Saviour, my Shepherd divine!
I yield to thy blessed control,
My body and spirit are thine.
2. Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee:
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favour is heaven to me.
3. How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away,
Oh, call me thine own little child.

4. And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
Oh, bind me so fast with thy love
That I never from thee shall depart.

239. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty:
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
2. Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

240. 11s.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath
said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

2. Fear not, I am with thee: oh, be not dismay'd;
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
4. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.
5. E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
6. The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!

241. 8s & 7s.

1. Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,

Fix in us thy humole dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2. Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3. Finish, then, thy new creation:
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise!

242. 6s & 4s.

1. NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2. Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
3. There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
4. Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
5. Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

243. 5s & 6s.

1. BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;

Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest.
Onward and onward still
Be thine endeavour :
The rest that remaineth
Shall be forever.

2. Fight the fight, Christian :
Jesus is o'er thee ;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee.
He that hath promised
Faltereth never ;
The love of eternity
Flows on forever.
3. Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth ;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth.
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever,
Mount when thy work is done—
Praise him forever !

244. C. M.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause
Or blush to speak his name ?
2. Shall I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sail'd through bloody seas ?

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.
6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

245. L. M.

1. STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.
2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Saviour nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
3. Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4. There shall I wear a starry crown
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

246. C. M.

1. AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
2. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

247. L. M.

1. So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour-God:
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
3. Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;

While justice, temperance, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.

4. Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord,—
And faith stands leaning on his word.

.248. 12s & 11s.

1. Let us love one another. Not long may we stay
In this brief world of mourning, so brief is
 life's day;
Some fade ere 'tis noon, and few linger till eve;
Oh, there breaks not a heart but leaves some
 one to grieve.
2. And the fondest, the purest, the truest, that
 met,
Ever still found the need to forgive and forget;
Then, oh, though the hopes that we nourish'd
 decay,
Let us love one another as long as we may.
3. Thus we'll love one another 'midst sorrow
 the worst,
Unalter'd and fond as we loved at the first;
Though the false wing of pleasure may change
 and forsake,
And the bright urn of wealth into particles
 break.
4. There are some sweet affections that earth
 cannot buy,
That cling but the closer when sorrow draws
 nigh,

And remain with us yet, though all else
pass away:

Yes, we'll love one another as long as we
stay.

249. L. M.

1. FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
4. There, there, on eagle wings, we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
5. Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

250. C. M.

1. WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd,

And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2. Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
That mercy I adore.
3. In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferr'd by thee.
4. In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise
Or seek relief in prayer.
5. When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
6. My lifted eye without a tear
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
That heart will rest on thee.

251. 5s & 9s.

1. How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey
And have laid up their treasure above!
Oh, what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love?

- 2 'Twas heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
3. Then all the day long
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in his name:
Oh that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same!

252. L. M.

1. THE lambs of Jesus:—who are they,
But children that believe and pray,
That keep God's laws and ask his grace,
And seek a heavenly dwelling-place?
2. The lambs of Jesus!—they are meek,
The words of peace and truth they speak;
To all God's creatures they are kind,
And, like their Lord, of gentle mind.
3. The lambs of Jesus:—oh that we
Might of that blessed number be!
Lord, take us early to thy love,
And lead us to the fold above.

253. Peculiar.

1. THE pearl which worldlings covet
Is not the pearl for me;

Its beauty fades as quickly
As sunshine on the sea.
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
'Tis call'd the pearl of greatest price,
Though few its value see.
Oh, that's the pearl for me!

2. The crown that decks the monarch's brow
Is not the crown for me;
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee.
But there's a crown prepared above
For all who walk in humble love,
Forever bright 'twill be.
Oh, that's the crown for me!

3. The road that many travel
Is not the road for me;
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be.
But there's a road that leads to God,
'Tis mark'd by Christ's most precious blood,
The passage here is free.
Oh, that's the road for me!

4. The hope that sinners cherish
Is not the hope for me;
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free;
But there's a hope which rests in God
And leads the soul to keep his word
And sinful pleasures flee.
Oh, that's the hope for me!

254. 7s & 6s.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place ;
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove :
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source :
So the soul that's born of God
Pants to see his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given ;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

255. 7s.

1. CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2. Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
3. Shout, ye little flock, and blest ;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
4. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
5. Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

256. C. M.

1. **THERE** is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray ;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.
2. It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd ;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.
3. While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair,
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

4. But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

257. C. M.

1. FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :—
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

258. S. M. .

1. OH, where shall rest be found ?
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
2. The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
3. Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,

Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4. There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :
• Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !
5. Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
For evermore undone.

259. C. M.

1. OH, 'tis a folly and a crime
To put religion by ;
For now is the accepted time,
To-morrow we may die.
2. Our hearts grow harder every day,
And more depraved the mind ;
The longer we neglect to pray,
The less we feel inclined.
3. Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
Until the dying day ;
Then they would give a world of gold
To have an hour to pray.
4. Oh, then, lest we should perish thus,
We would no longer wait ;
For time will soon be past with us,
And death will fix our state.

260. C. M.

1. REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow;
He loves thine earliest praise.
2. Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shall find no comfort here.
3. Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.
4. Almighty God, our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

261. C. M.

1. RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.
2. More needful this than glittering wealth
Or aught the world bestows;
Nor reputation, food or health
Can give us such repose.
3. Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;

'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4. Oh, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne,
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5. Let deep repentance, faith and love
Be join'd with godly fear,
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

262. 7s.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.
After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity:
Be the living God our friend,
Then our bliss shall never end.

263. C. M.

1. WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And overflows with love.
2. Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3. He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.
4. He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

264. C. M.

1. OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart made clean by thy rich blood
So freely shed for me!
2. A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,—
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!
3. An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!
4. A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

265. 7s.

1. 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:

Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2. Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
3. When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark and vain and wild,
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
4. Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
5. Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

266. L. M.

1. MAY I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward
2. Oh, be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.
3. Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,

To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4. Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

267. S. M.

1. THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
2. We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess'd.
3. Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep.
Till morning light appears.
4. And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
5. And when our days are past,
And we from time remove.
Lord, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

268. S. M.

1. I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
2. I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
3. For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
5. Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
6. Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

269. S. M.

1. BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;

The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
4. We're one in Christ our Head,
In him we grow and thrive;
Nor will he leave us with the dead
While he remains alive.
5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

L I F E.

270. 8s & 7s.

1. GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears:
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

- 2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear ;
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

271. 8s & 7s.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly, —
Those hours of toil and danger.
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
3. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing ;
That perfect rest nought can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever ;
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever.

CHORUS.

For, oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

272. S. M.

1. My times are in thy hand :
O God, I wish them there ;
My life, my soul, my friends, I leave
Entirely to thy care.
2. My times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.
3. My times are in thy hand :
Why should I doubt or fear ?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
4. My times are in thy hand,
Jesus the Crucified ;
The hand our many sins have pierced
Is now my guard and guide.
5. My times are in thy hand :
I'll always trust in thee,
Till I have left this weary land,
And all thy glory see.

273. 8s & 5s.

1. EVERY day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care ;
Meekly bear thine own full measure
And thy brother's share.
Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove ;
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness
And thy heart with love.

2. Patiently enduring ever
Let thy spirit be,
Bound by links that cannot sever,
To humanity.
Labour, wait; thy Master perish'd
Ere his task was done;
Count not lost thy fleeting moments,
Life hath but begun.
3. Labour, wait: though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear,
Wait in hope: the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

274. 7s & 6s.

1. Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigour soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.
2. Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

275. S. M.

1. To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
2. The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
3. Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.
4. One thing demands our care,
Oh, be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.
5. To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light ;
Lest life's bright dreams at once should die
In sudden, endless night.

276. 10s & 4s.

1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound ;
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless
tide,
We're homeward bound ;
Far from the safe, quiet harbour we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestow'd,
We're homeward bound.

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale:
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking
sail!
We're homeward bound.
8. We'll tell the world, as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress'd,
Join in our number, oh, come and be blest,
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.
4. Into the harbour of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore.
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

277. 6s. or 11s.

1. LIKE mist on the mountain,
Like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years
Of our pilgrimage flee.

In the grave of our fathers
 How soon shall we lie!
 Dear children, to-day
 To the Saviour fly.

2. How sweet are the flow'rets
 In April and May!
 But often the frost
 Makes them wither away.
 Like flowers you may fade:
 Are you ready to die?
 While "yet there is room,"
 To a Saviour fly.

3. When Samuel was young,
 He first knew the Lord;
 He slept in his smile
 And rejoiced in his word:
 So most of God's children
 Are early brought nigh:
 Oh, seek him in youth,
 To a Saviour fly.

4. Do you ask me for pleasure?
 Then lean on his breast;
 For there the sin-laden
 And weary find rest.
 In the valley of death
 You will triumphing cry,
 "If this be call'd dying,
 'Tis pleasant to die."

278. 10s & 4s.

1. HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
 Here is no rest, here is no rest!

Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
 Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
 For I look forward to that glorious day
 When sin and sorrow shall vanish away;
 My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
 There, there is rest, there is rest!

2. Here are afflictions and trials severe,
 Here is no rest, here is no rest!
 Here I must part with the friends I hold
 dear,
 Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
 Sweet is the promise I read in his word:
 Blessed are those who have died in the Lord,
 They have been call'd to receive their
 reward..
 There, there is rest, there is rest!

8. This world of care is a wilderness state,
 Here is no rest, here is no rest!
 Here must I bear from the world all its hate,
 Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
 Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
 Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
 Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast.
 There, there is rest, there is rest!

279. 8s & 7s. (Peculiar.)

1. We are out on an ocean sailing;
 Homeward bound, we smoothly glide;
 We are out on an ocean, sailing
 To a home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.

All the storms will soon be over,
 Then we'll anchor in the harbour;

We are out on an ocean, sailing
To a home beyond the tide.

2. Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore ;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
All the storms, &c.
3. Come on board, oh, ship for glory,
Be in haste, make up your mind,
For our vessel's weighing anchor,
And you may be left behind.
All the storms, &c.
4. When we all are safely anchor'd,
We will shout our journey o'er,
We will walk about the city
And will sing for evermore.
All the storms, &c.

280. 7s & 6s.

1. COME, schoolmates, don't grow weary
But let us journey on,
The moments will not tarry,
This life will soon be gone.
The passing scenes all tell us
That death will surely come,
These bodies soon will moulder
In the dark and dreary tomb.
2. Our friends have gone before us,
They beckon us away ;
We never more shall see them,
Till the fearful judgment-day.

But we've 'listed in the army,
We've 'listed for the war ;
We will fight until we conquer,
By faith and humble prayer.

3. Our Captain's gone before us,
He bids us all to come ;
High up in endless glory
He has fitted up our home.
The world and flesh and Satan
Will strive to hedge our way,
But we'll overcome their powers
If we only watch and pray.

281. 7s, 6s & 8s.

1. OH, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.
I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.
2. Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he hath vanquish'd sin.
I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.
3. And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand ;
You shall sing his praise forever,
In Canaan's happy land.

I am glad I'm in this army,
 Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
 And I'll battle for the school.

282. 6s & 6s.

- 1 Be kind to each other:
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother
 Perchance may be gone:
 Then, 'midst our dejection,
 How sweet to have earn'd
 The blest recollection
 Of kindness return'd!

CHORUS.

Happy children, blessed children,
 Who are loving one another truly,
 And the Saviour, blessed Saviour,
 Loving more than all beside!

2. When day hath departed,
 And memory keeps
 Her watch, broken-hearted,
 Where all the loved sleep,
 Let falsehood assail not,
 Nor envy disprove,
 Let trifles prevail not
 'Gainst those whom you love.
 Happy children, &c.
3. Nor change with to-morrow,
 Should fortune take wing:
 The deeper the sorrow,
 The closer still cling!
 Be kind to each other:
 The night's coming on,

When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.
Happy children, &c.

283. 11s & 8s.

1. Be kind to thy father; for when thou wast
 young
 Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from
 thy tongue,
 And join'd in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
 His looks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble,—once fearless and
 bold:
 Thy father is passing away.
2. Be kind to thy mother; for, lo! on her brow
 May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh, well mayst thou cherish and comfort
 her now,
 For loving and kind she hath been.
Remember thy mother; for thee will she
 pray
 As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her
 lone way,
 E'en to the dark valley of death.
3. Be kind to thy brother: his heart will have
 dearth
 If the smiles of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth
 If love and affection be gone.

Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are ;
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

4. Be kind to thy sister ; not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love ;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many
sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway shall crown,
Affection shall weave thee a garland of
flowers
More precious than wealth or renown.

284. 6s & 5s.

1. LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land ;
2. And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.
3. So our little errors
Lead the soul away,
From the paths of virtue
Oft in sin to stray.
4. Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

5. Little seeds of mercy,
 — Sown by youthful hands,
 Grow to bless the nations
 Far in heathen lands.

285. 8s & 7s.

1. ANGRY words are lightly spoken
 In a rash and thoughtless hour;
 Brightest links of life are broken
 By their deep, insidious power.
 Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
 Ne'er before by anger stirr'd,
 Oft are rent, past human feeling,
 By a single angry word.
2. Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
 Bitter poison-drops, are they,
 Weaving for the coming morrow
 Saddest memories of to-day.
 Angry words,—oh, let them never
 From the tongue unbridled slip!
 May the heart's best impulse ever
 Check them ere they soil the lip!
3. Love is much too pure and holy,
 Friendship is too sacred far,
 For a moment's reckless folly
 Thus to desolate and mar.
 Angry words are lightly spoken,
 Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirr'd,
 Brightest links of life are broken
 By a single angry word.

286. 7s. 6 lines.

1. WORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them; but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And their testimonies bear
For us or against us there.
2. Oh, how often ours have been
Idle words and words of sin,
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit, or faults to hide,
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind!
3. Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch and grace to pray:
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of thee,—
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

287. 8s & 7s.

1. CHILDREN, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?
2. Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful day by day
Not to give offence by actions,
Or by any thing you say?

3. Little children, love each other ;
Never give another pain ;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.
4. Be not selfish to each other ;
Never spoil another's rest ;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest

288. 7s.

1. LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest.
There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win :
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.
2. Who are those whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view ?
"I, from Greenland's frozen land ;"
"I, from India's sultry plain ;"
"I, from Afric's barren sand ;"
"I, from islands of the main."
3. "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last
At the portal of the sky !"

Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
 Conquerors over death and sin:
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
 Let the little travellers in.

289. 8s.

1. We go the way that leads to God,
 The way that saints have ever tread;
 So let us leave this sinful shore,
 For realms where we shall die no more.
 We're going home, we're going home,
 We're going home, to die no more;
 To die no more, to die no more,
 We're going home, to die no more.
2. The ways of God are ways of bliss,
 And all his paths are happiness;
 Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er,
 We're going home, to die no more.
 We're going home, &c.
3. Come, sinners, come, oh, come along,
 And join our happy pilgrim throng!
 Farewell, vain world, and all your store,
 We're going home, to die no more.
 We're going home, &c.

290. 8s & 6s. (Peculiar.)

1. Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Yet how insensible!
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.

2. O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress !
• Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late,
By thy almighty grace.
3. Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day
When thou in clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar :
Oh, tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?
4. Be this my one great business here,
With holy joy and holy fear
To make my calling sure ;
Assist, O Lord, a feeble worm,
Then shall I all thy will perform,
And to the end endure.

291. S. M.

1. My soul, be on thy guard :
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh, watch and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down :
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got thy crown.

292. C. M.

1. **MUST** Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
2. How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love
And joy without a tear.
3. The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home, my crown to wear;
For there's a crown for me.

293. S. M.

1. **A CHARGE** to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.
2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
3. Arm me with jealous care
As in thy sight to live,
And, oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4. Help me to watch and pray
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

294. L. M.

1. We are but young ; yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King :
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.
2. We are but young ; yet we must die ;
Perhaps our latter end is nigh :
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding-place.
3. We are but young ; we need a guide :
Jesus, in thee we would confide ;
Oh, lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.
4. We are but young ; yet God has shed
Unnumber'd blessings on our head ;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

295. L. M.

1. THERE is a God who reigns above,
The Lord of heaven and earth and seas ;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.
2. There is a law which he hath made,
To teach us all what we must do ;

And his commands must be obey'd,
For they are holy, just and true.

3. There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come:
Thousands of children young as I
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.
4. Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled:
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

296. C. M.

1. LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestow'd by thee.
2. And thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless thou give the power.
3. My health and friends and parents dear
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessings here
But what are sent from heaven.
4. Such goodness, Lord, and constant care
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

297. C. M.

1. WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
2. Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.
3. When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
5. Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

298. 6s. 6 lines.

1. GREAT Shepherd of the sheep,
Who all thy flock doth keep,
Leading by waters calm,
Do thou my footsteps guide,
To follow by thy side,
Make me thy little lamb.

2. I fear I may be torn
By many a sharp-set thorn,
As far from thee I stray;
My weary feet may bleed
For rough are paths which lead
Out of thy pleasant way.
 3. But when the road is long,
Thy tender arm, and strong,
The weary one will bear;
And thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green,
Where all the flowers are fair,
 4. Till, from the soil of sin
Cleansed and made pure within,
Dear Saviour, whose I am,
Thou bringest me in love,
To thy sweet fold above,
A little snow-white lamb.
-

DEATH.

299. L. M.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2. So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
3. A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world! farewell!
5. Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

300. L. M.

1. ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
2. Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his cruel sting.
3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4. Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
5. Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

301. L. M.

1. OFF as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepared, should I be call'd, to die?"
2. Soon, leaving all I love below,
To God's tribunal I must go,
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.
3. But when the solemn bell-I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
"Perhaps it next may toll for me."

302. L. M.

1. WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
2. The pains, the groans and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3. Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

303. 8s & 7s.

1. SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.
Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
2. Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.
Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

304. C. M.

1. We lay thee in the silent tomb,
Sweet blossom of a day;
We just began to view thy bloom,
When thou art call'd away.

2. Friendship and love have done their last,
And now can do no more;
The bitterness of death is past,
And all thy sufferings o'er.
3. Thy gentle spirit pass'd away
'Mid pain the most severe;
So great we could not wish thy stay
A moment longer here.
4. Thou minglest now in that bright throng
Around the eternal throne,
And join'st the everlasting song
With those before thee gone.
5. Oh, who could wish thy longer stay
In such a world as this,
Since thou hast gain'd the realms of day,
And pure, undying bliss?

305. L. M.

1. A MOURNING class, a vacant seat,
Tell us that one we loved to meet
Will join our youthful throng no more
Till all these changing scenes are o'er.
2. No more that voice we loved to hear
Shall fill *her* teacher's listening ear:
No more its tones shall join to swell
The songs that of a Saviour tell.
3. That welcome face, that sparkling eye,
And sprightly form, must buried lie
Deep in the cold and silent gloom,
The rayless night, that fills the tomb.

4. God tells us, by this mournful death,
How vain and fleeting is our breath,
And bids our souls prepare to meet
The trial of his judgment-seat.

306. C. M.

1. DEATH has been here, and borne away
 'A *sister* from our side;
Just in the morning of *her* day,
 As young as we, *she* died.
2. Not long ago *she* fill'd *her* place,
 And sat with us to learn;
But *she* has run *her* mortal race,
 And never can return.
3. Perhaps our time may be as short,
 Our days may fly as fast:
O Lord, impress the solemn thought
 That this may be our last!
4. We cannot tell who next may fall
 Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first: oh, may we all
 Prepare to meet our God!
5. All needful help is thine to give;
 To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live
 And make us fit to die.

307. 8s & 7s.

1. PEACEFUL be thy silent slumber,
 Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,—
 Thou no more our songs shalt know.

2. Dearest brother, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,—
He can all our sorrow heal.
3. Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

308. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. WHERE we oft have met in gladness,
On the holy Sabbath-day,
Slowly, now, with tearful sadness,
Each pursues his lonely way;
Tears are falling
On this holy Sabbath-day.
2. One we loved has left our number,
For the dark and silent tomb,—
Closed *his* eyes in deathless slumber,
Faded in *his* early bloom;
Hear us, Saviour!
Thou hast blest the lonely tomb.
3. Through its dark and narrow portal
Once they bore thee to thy rest;
There a ray of light immortal,
Like a sunbeam from the west,
Burst the shadows,
And the grave thenceforth was blest.
4. By the light that thus was given
To the darkness of the tomb,

By the blessed light of heaven,
Gilding scenes of earthly gloom,
Star of gladness!
All our night with joy illumine.

5. From our circle, dearest brother,
Early hast thou pass'd away;
But the angels say, "Another
Joins our holy song to-day."
Weep no longer!
Join with them the sacred lay.

309. 11s & 8s.

1. I KNOW thou art gone to the home of thy rest:
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are
blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad.

CHORUS.

- I never look up with a wish to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there;
And I hear a low murmur, like thine in reply.
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.
2. In thy far-away home, wherever it be,
I know thou hast visions of mine;
And my heart hath revealings of thine and
of thee,
In many a token and sign.
3. In the hush of the night, on the waste of the
sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

310. 12s & 11s.

1. THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not
deplore thee;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass
the tomb,
The Saviour has pass'd through its portals
before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.
2. Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by
thy side:
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless
has died.
3. Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansions
forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd
long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright
on thy waking,
And the song which thou heardst was the
seraphim's song.
4. Thou art gone to the grave; but 'twere wrong
to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian
and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will
restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Sa-
viour has died

JUDGMENT.

311. C. M.

1. THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge
And pass the solemn test.
2. Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound "Depart" ?
3. Oh, wretched state of deep despair,—
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!
4. Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands ;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

312. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the awful trumpet's sound,
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !
2. See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine !

You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3. At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the powers of nature, shaken,
From his looks prepare to flee!
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4. But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

313. S. M.

1. AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
2. How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonish'd, shrink away?
3. But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

4. Ye sinners, seek His grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

314. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.
2. Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
3. All the tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears,—
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers ;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

315. L. C. M.

1. WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2. Blest Saviour, grant it, by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear.
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
3. And when the archangel's trump shall sound,
Let me among thy saints be found,
To see thy smiling face:
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

316. 6s & 7s.

1. OH, there will be mourning
Before the judgment-seat,
When this world is burning,
Beneath Jehovah's feet!
Friends and kindred there will part,
Will part to meet no more;
Wrath will sink the rebel's heart,
While saints on high adore.
Oh, there will be mourning
Before the judgment-seat.
2. Oh, there will be mourning
Before the judgment-seat!
When the trumpet's warning
The sinner's ear shall greet!
3. Oh, there will be mourning
Before the judgment-seat!
When, from dust returning,
The lost their doom shall meet.

4. Oh, there will be mourning
Before the judgment-seat;
Justice, ever frowning,
Shall seal the sinner's fate.

HEAVEN.

317. C. M. Double.

1. THERE is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.
2. Those are the hymns that we shall know
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go
If found in wisdom's way;
This is the joy we ought to seek
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read and hear and learn.
3. Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal name decay,
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must pass from earth away.

Great God, impress the serious thought
This day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest.

318. 8s.

1. BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,
Beautiful city, that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple,—God its light!
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.
2. Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains, that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir!
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.
3. Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.
4. Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace!
There shall my eyes the Saviour see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

319. 8s.

- 1 My Saviour has gone to prepare
A place for the child of his love,
And now he's awaiting me there,
In the house of his Father above.
- 2 That house is beyond the blue sky,
More bright than I ever could tell:
I shall only go home, when I die,
With my Brother and Father to dwell.
- 3 I have treasures laid up for me there,—
A crown of the loveliest gold;
And my Father will give me to wear
A dress that will never grow old.
4. And perhaps he will give me bright wings,
To fly on long errands for him,
And a harp with its sweet-sounding strings,
Which never are tuneless or dim.
5. Oh, I long for those mansions so fair,
And to join with the angels in white,
You will hear me, perhaps, when I'm there
I shall sing out so loud with delight.

320. C. M.

1. THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

321. C. M.

1. COME, let us sing of heaven above,
Our glorious, happy home,
Where dwells the Saviour whom we love,
And who has bid us come.
Oh, that is joyful, joyful, joyful !
Oh, that is joyful,
That Jesus bids us come
To dwell with him above,
And sing the everlasting song
Of his redeeming love.
2. Angels are there around the throne,
Sweet notes of praise they sing ;
All glory to our God alone,
And to our Saviour-King.
Oh, that is joyful ! &c.
3. And children join the glorious song,
Who once lived here below ;
But now, amid that sinless throng,
They no more sorrow know.
Oh, that is joyful ! &c.

4. 'Twas Jesus died that we might gain
 This glorious, happy home;
 For us he suffer'd grief and pain,
 And therefore bids us come.
 Oh, that is joyful! &c.

322. Peculiar.

1. HEAVENLY home! heavenly home! precious
 name to me!
 I love to think the time will come when I
 shall rest in thee.
 I've no abiding city here,
 I seek for one to come,
 And though my pilgrimage be drear,
 I know there's rest at home.
 Heavenly home! heavenly home! precious
 name! &c.
2. Heavenly home! heavenly home! there no
 clouds arise,
 No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim thy
 ever-smiling skies.
 This earthly home is fair and bright,
 Yet clouds will often come;
 And, oh, I long to see the light
 That gilds my heavenly home!
 Heavenly home! heavenly home! there no
 clouds, &c.
3. Heavenly home! heavenly home! ne'er shall
 sorrow's gloom,
 Nor doubts nor fears, disturb me there, for
 all is peace at home.

I know I ne'er shall worthy be
 To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome;
 But Christ, my Saviour, died for me,
 And now he calls me home.
 Heavenly home! heavenly home! ne'er shall
 sorrow's gloom, &c.

323. 11s.

1. WHEN beautiful flowers impart their perfume,
 And sweet is their fragrance and lovely their
 bloom,
 I think of the summer that endlessly glows,
 And the unwasting fragrance of Sharon's
 bright rose,—
2. Of the home of my Saviour, of joys that await
 The spirits that pass through the bright
 pearly gates,
 Of the anthems of rapture, unceasing and
 high,
 The beautiful chorus that gladdens the sky.
3. 'Tis the home of the ransom'd, the land of
 the blest,
 Where the pilgrims shall enter a glorious
 rest;
 To wander in gladness the pastures of green,
 And drink the still waters of pleasures
 serene.
4. 'Tis the home that our Saviour has gone to
 prepare,—
 No heart can conceive of the blessedness
 there,

Of the unending glory awaiting the just,
When in Jesus' own likeness they rise from
the dust.

5. We bless thee, our Saviour, who call'st us to
share
The beautiful home thou hast gone to pre-
pare;
We hope in thy mercy, that, wash'd from
our sin,
Through the gates of that city we may all
enter in.

324. Peculiar.

1. COME, sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

CHORUS.

There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2. When the last moment's come,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic glow
Which in each feature plays.
3. Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

4. When round my senseless lay
Assemble those I love,
Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

325. 11s.

1. My home is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials
appear?
Be hush'd, my dark spirit, the worst that
can come
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee
home.
2. It is not for thee to be seeking thy bliss,
And building thy hopes in a region like this:
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
3. The thorn and the thistle around me may
grow,
I would not recline upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them forever on Jesus' breast.

326. S. M.

1. THERE is a land above,
All beautiful and bright,
And those who love and seek the Lord
Rise to that world of light.
2. There sin is known no more,
Nor tears, nor want, nor care;
There good and happy beings dwell,
And all are holy there.

327. C. M.

1. WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

328. 7s & 4s.

1. I'm a lonely traveller here,
Weary, oppress'd ;
But my journey's end is near,
Soon I shall rest.
Dark and dreary is the way,
Toiling I've come ;
Ask me not with you to stay :
Yonder's my home.
2. I'm a weary traveller here,
I must go on ;

For my journey's end is near,
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give
Win me away ;
Pleasures that forever live :
I cannot stay.

3. I'm a traveller in a land
Where all is fair,
Where is seen no broken band :
Saints all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
No heart be sad ;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.
4. I'm a traveller, and I go
Where all is fair ;
Farewell all I've loved below,
I must be there.
Worldly honours, hopes and gain,
All I resign ;
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,
If heaven be mine.
5. I'm a traveller ; call me not :
Upward's my way ;
Yonder is my rest and lot :
I cannot stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I roam :
Hail me not ; in vain you call :
Yonder's my home.

329. 11s.

1. I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way ;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
its cheer.
2. I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within :
Even the rapture of pardon is mingled with
fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
tears.
3. I would not live alway ; no,—welcome the
tomb ;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom ;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph ascending the skies.
4. Who, who would live alway, away from his
God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns,—
5. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul ?

4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You will find an entrance through.
There is rest, &c.

333. 6s.

1. ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I've ever been before.
2. Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea:
3. Nearer the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown.
4. But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is that dim and unknown stream
Which leads at last to light.
5. Father, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my feeble faith,
Let me feel as if I trod
The shore of the river death.
6. For even now my feet
May stand upon its brink;
I may be nearer my home,
Nearer now, than I think.

334. C. M.

1. JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?
2. Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
3. Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
4. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
5. Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then will my labours have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

335. 7s.

1. WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day
Tuning their triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour glory, power,

Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion, every hour.

2. These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came,
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal Name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
3. Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels their fears,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

336. C. M.

1. AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.
2. In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one array'd,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.
Singing, &c.

3. What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?
Singing, &c.
4. Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing, &c.
5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, &c.

337. 6s & 4s.

1. I'm but a traveller here,
Heaven is my home.
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.
2. What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home.
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3. There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home.
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home
 There are the good and blest,—
 Those I love most and best;
 There, too, I soon shall rest;
 Heaven is my home.

338. 6s & 4s.

1. THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day.
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour-King,
 Loud let his praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye!
2. Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away.
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.
3. Bright in that happy land
 Beams every eye.
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 Oh, then, to glory run,
 Be a crown and kingdom won,
 And bright above the sun
 We reign for aye.

339. 7s & 6s.

1. I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand:
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music
And praise him day and night.
2. I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But, blessed, pure and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise him both day and night.
3. I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.
4. Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music
And praise him day and night.

340. 10s, 8s & 11s.

1. I HAVE a Father in the promised land;
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away to the promised land.
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.
2. I have a Saviour in the promised land;
My Saviour calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away to the promised land;
My Saviour calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.
3. I have a crown in the promised land;
When Jesus calls me, I must go
To wear it in the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away to the promised land;
When Jesus calls me, I must go
To wear it in the promised land.
4. I hope to meet you in the promised land:
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,
We'll praise him in the promised land.
We'll away, we'll away to the promised
land;
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,
We'll praise him in the promised land.

341. 10s.

1. JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above:
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, Come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.

Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been
given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

- 2 Teachers and scholars have pass'd on
before;
Waiting, they watch us approaching the
shore,
Singing, to cheer us while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear;
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall
hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome:
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.
3. Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we feel not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquer'd, his sceptre be
gone,
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.

342. Peculiar.

1. WE'RE bound for the land of the pure and
the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of
love.

Ye wanderers from God in the broad road
of folly.

Oh, say, will you come to the Eden above?

Will you go, will you go?

Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

2. March on, happy pilgrims, that land is
before you,

And soon its tenthousand delights we will
prove;

Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of
bright glory,

And drink the pure joys of the Eden
above.

Will you go, will you go?

Oh, yes, we will go to the Eden above.

3. And yet, guilty sinner, we would not for-
sake thee:

We halt yet a moment as onward we
move;

Oh, come to the Lord: in his arms he will
take thee

And bear thee along to the Eden above.

Will you go, will you go?

Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

4. Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness
saying,

Oh, who can this guilt from my con-
science remove?

No other but Jesus: then come to him, pray-
ing,

Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above.

Will you go, will you go?

At last will you go to the Eden above?

343. Peculiar.

1. Come, children, let us sweetly sing,
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
All glory give to Christ, our King,
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan!
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
Oh, Canaan, it is our happy home,
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
2. Happy are all good children here,
They are bound for the land of Canaan;
And soon they'll be as angels are,
They are bound for the land of Canaan.
Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.
3. Come, then, and join our happy band,
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
To ever dwell at Christ's right hand,
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.
4. Then louder still our songs shall rise,
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
When we are far beyond the skies,
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

344. 8s.

1. Ye angels, who stand round the throne
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.
Ye saints, who stand nearer than they
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat.

2. Oh, when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong.
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away
My God and my Saviour to see.
3. I long to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;
I long to be one of your choir
And tune my sweet harp to his name.
I long, oh, I long to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

345. 6s & 4s.

1. A crown of glory bright,
By faith, I see
In yonder realms of light
Prepared for me.
Oh, may I faithful prove,
And keep it in my view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.
2. Jesus, be thou my guide,
My steps attend;
Oh, keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend;
Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard;
And, when my work is done,
My great reward.

346. C. M.

1. **GIVE** me the wings of faith, to rise
 Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be!
2. Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins and doubts and fears.
3. I ask them whence their victory came:
 They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to his death.
4. Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
 Shows the same path to heaven.

347. C. M. Peculiar.

1. **THERE** is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast:
 'Tis found alone in heaven.
2. There is a home for weary souls
 By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls.
 And all is drear but heaven.

3. There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

348. 11s.

1. 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with
saints,—
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!
Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my
home.
2. Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of
peace,
And thrice-precious Jesus, whose love cannot
cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I
roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
Home, home, &c.
3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with
thee;

Though now my temptation like billows
may foam,

All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at
home.

Home, home, &c.

4. While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission and strength as my
day;

In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Home, home, &c.

5. Whate'er thou deniest, oh, give me thy
grace,

The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy
face;

Endue me with patience to wait at thy
throne

And find even now a sweet foretaste of
home.

Home, home, &c.

6. I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to
shine;

No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,

And in thy dear image arise from the tomb

With glorified millions, to praise thee at
home.

Home, home, &c.

349. C. M.

1. How pleasant thus to dwell below,
In fellowship of love!

And, though we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.

CHORUS.

Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!

Oh, that will be joyful,

To meet to part no more!

To meet to part no more,

On Canaan's happy shore,

And sing the everlasting song

With those who've gone before!

2. Yes, happy thought! when we are free

From earthly grief and pain,

In heaven we shall each other see,

And never part again.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

3. The children who have loved the Lord

Shall hail their teachers there;

And teachers gain the rich reward

Of all their toil and care.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

4. Then let us each, in strength divine,

Still walk in wisdom's ways,

That we with those we love may join

In never-ending praise.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

350. Peculiar.

1. HERE we suffer grief and pain,

Here we meet to part again:

In heaven we part no more.

CHORUS.

Oh, that will be joyful!

Joyful, joyful, joyful!

Oh, that will be joyful

When we meet to part no more.

2. All who love the Lord below,
When they die, to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.
3. *Little children* will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From *every* Sunday-school.
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.
4. *Teachers*, too, shall meet above.
And our *Pastors*, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.
5. Oh, how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on his throne.
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.
6. There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

351. Peculiar.

1. HERE we meet to part again ;
But when we meet on Canaan's plain
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.

CHORUS.

Shout, shout the victory !
We're on our journey home !

2. Here we meet to part again ;
But when a seat in heaven we gain,
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.
Shout, shout, &c.
 3. Here we meet to part again ;
But there we shall with Jesus reign,
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.
Shout, shout, &c.
 4. Here we meet to part again,
But when we join the heavenly train,
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.
Shout, shout, &c.
-

MISSIONARY.

352. 7s & 6s.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains.
From India's coral strand ;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
1. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,

Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

353. 8s & 7s.

1. HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
See, he sits on yonder throne!
Jesus rules the world alone.

Hallelujah, Amen!

2. Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of love, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
3. King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own,—
Happy objects of thy grace,
Chosen to behold thy face.
4. Saviour, hasten thine appearing,
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away!
Then with golden harps we'll sing
Glory, glory, to our King!

354. 8s & 7s.

1. SHOUT the tidings of salvation,
To the aged and the young,
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.
Send the sound
The earth around.

2. Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the prairies of the West,
Till each gathering congregation
With the gospel sound is blest.
Send the sound, &c.

3. Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar,
Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to shore.
Send the sound, &c.
4. Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea,
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.
Send the sound, &c.
5. Shout the tidings of salvation,
Till the world shall hear the call,
And, with joyous acclamation,
Crown the Saviour Lord of all.
Send the sound, &c.

355. 7s.

1. WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea;
Now is come the promised hour,
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.
Wake the song, &c.
2. All ye nations, join and sing,
Christ of lords and kings is King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore.
Wake the song, &c.
3. Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings.
Wake the song, &c.

356. S. M.

1. WE meet for evening prayer:
Lord, give us life divine!
Let every tongue thy praise declare,
And all our hearts be thine.
2. Hark! the sweet anthems rise
Where pagan altars stand;
The swelling chorus mounts the skies
From every pagan land.
3. While glad hosannas ring
From desert, rock and sea,
The heathen tribes their children bring,
And give them, Lord, to thee.

357. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheer'd by no celestial ray,
Sun of Righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.
2. Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness—
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
3. Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;

May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

358. P. M.

1. BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
'The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
2. Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
8. The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
4. Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

359. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Yes! we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand;
God—the mighty God—is speaking
By his word, in every land;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.
2. Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay.
3. God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

360. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.
2. Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?

Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.
4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

361. 7s & 6s.

1. THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;

Each cry to heaven going
 Abundant answers brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing
 With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude and love;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
 A nation in a day.
4. Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thine onward way,
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay;
 Stay not, till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not, till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

362. 7s. Double.

1. HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time
 When, beneath Messiah's sway,
 Every nation, every clime,
 Shall the gospel call obey!
 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
 Heathen tribes his name adore;
 Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
 Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
2. Then shall wars and tumults cease,
 Then be banish'd grief and pain;
 Righteousness and joy and peace
 Undisturb'd shall ever reign!

Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
 Ever praise his glorious name,
 All his mighty acts record,
 All his wondrous love proclaim.

363. Peculiar.

1. To our dear Sabbath-school there ought many
 to come, [home;
 Who spend Sunday wandering or trifling at
 I'll try to bring *one*, or I'll try to bring *two*,
 Yes, all that I can I'm determined to do.
 God meant all the people who live in this place
 To hear of his goodness and join in his praise:
 So I'll try to bring *one*, or I'll try to bring *two*:
 Yes, all that I can I'm determined to do.
2. Let me think: are there none of the dear ones
 at home,
 The large, or the little, who never have come?
 Oh, I'll beg and I'll coax, try for *one*, try for *two*:
 Yes, all that I can I'm determined to do.
 My cousins and playmates, who live in this
 street, [meet;
 I'll ask them to come, the next time that we
 Who knows but among them I'll get *one* or *two*?
 For all that I *can* I'm determined to do.
3. Out there in the lot that I pass every day,
 How many spend Sunday in frolic or play!
 If I could but get *one* of those boys, now, or *two*,
 To come here next Sabbath, what good it might
 do!
 Perhaps up to heaven some day I may go:
 What glory and blessedness then I shall know!
 But I want in that glory that many may share,
 That one, two, yes, all I can take, may be there.

364. 7s & 6s.

1. **WHEN** shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain
Again to earth descended
In righteousness to reign?
2. Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling,
In one eternal sound!

365. L. M.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
2. To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice;
3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen
-

ANNIVERSARY.

366. 8s.

1. PRESERVED by thine almighty power,
O Lord, our Maker, Saviour, King,
And brought to see this happy hour,
We come thy praises here to sing.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day !
Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay,
And at thy footstool humbly pray
That thou wouldst take our sins away.
Happy day, happy day,
When Christ shall wash our sins away !

2. We praise thee for thy constant care,
For life preserved, for mercies given :
Oh, may we still those mercies share,
And taste the joys of sins forgiven !
3. We praise thee for the joyful news
Of pardon through a Saviour's blood :
O Lord, incline our hearts to choose
The way to happiness and God.
4. And when on earth our days are done,
Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
Teachers and scholars, round thy throne
The song of Moses and the Lamb.

367. 11s.

1. THE Sunday-school army has gather'd once more;
Its numbers are greater than ever before;
Its banners are spread, and shall never be furl'd,
Till the Prince of salvation has conquer'd the world.

CHORUS.

- Sing! sing! for the army is on its bright way
To the homes of the blest and the mansions of day.
2. We fight against evil and battle with wrong.
Our sword is the Bible, both trusty and strong:
Our watchword is Prayer, and Faith is our shield,
And never, no, never to our foes will we yield.
 3. In the midst of our conflicts we'll think of the Lord,
Who died on the cross, and from death was restored,
To save us from sin, and to give us a place
With the angels who always behold his bright face.
 4. To Jesus, our Captain, Hosannas we raise.
And join with our teachers in singing his praise;
His soldiers we are, and his soldiers will be
Till we lay down our armour and death sets us free.

368. 6s & 7s.

1. COME, join our celebration
With hallow'd songs of joy,
And on this bright occasion
Your sweetest notes employ;
Parents and friends invited,
And teachers, now are here,
In purpose all united
Our youthful hearts to cheer.
2. Thanks to the God of heaven,
Kind guardian of our race,
For all the favours given
Beneath his smiling face,—
For health and strength and reason,
And friendship unalloy'd,
And every pleasant season
In Sunday-schools enjoy'd.
Come, join, &c.
3. Thanks for the kind protection
God's arm has thrown around,
And for that sweet affection
He causes to abound
In those who're watching o'er us
With many an anxious sigh,
And seeking to restore us
To peace and heavenly joy.
Come, join, &c.
4. May God with many a blessing
Reward their toil and care,
And hear them while addressing
His throne in fervent prayer.

And may his love, constraining,
Our youthful spirits bow ;
And grace forever reigning
Our inmost souls endow.
Come, join, &c.

369. 7s & 6s.

1. To-DAY we come with singing
And gladness in our breast,
Our blooming offerings bringing,
For God has greatly blest.
We spread our flowing banners,
And lift our voices high,
Our hymns and glad Hosannas
Resounding through the sky.
2. We come with exultation,
A joyful, happy band,
Proclaiming free salvation
To children of our land.
Loud ring the glowing anthem!
Oh, shout, "A Saviour slain!"
And let the mountains echo
The glories of his name.
3. Our souls be fill'd with gladness :
Let rapture swell the breast ;
Ten thousand hearts are beating
For children in the West.
Shout, shout, ye saints, in triumph!
The Conqueror comes to reign ;
Let earth exalt her Saviour
And bless Immanuel's name. |

370. C. P. M.

1. We come, we come, in joyous train,
To sing the praise of Jesus' name,
And high our voices raise;
He that redeem'd our fallen race,
And saves us by his sovereign grace
Demands our highest praise.
2. O Jesus, thou exalted King,
To thee our offering now we bring:
May we our tongues employ
To swell the song of dying love
Which ransom'd souls now sing above,
While heaven is fill'd with joy.
3. Thou blessed Lamb that once wast slain,
Who bore the cross, endured its pain,
And died on Calvary's hill:
We hail thee as the risen Lord,
Who came according to thy word,
To do thy Father's will.
4. Then shout aloud, in joyful strains,
'Tis Jesus Christ forever reigns,
High on his throne above;
And may the heavenly choirs on high
Send back the echo in reply
To this our song of love.

371. 7s. Double.

1. HAPPY, happy meet we here:
Time has roll'd another year;
Spring-tide brings the festal day,—
Now we lift the thankful lay!

Thanks for daily mercies given,
Crown'd with Sabbath light from heaven.
Thanks to God, who gives us breath;
Thanks to God, who saves from death.

2. Happy, happy meet we here:
Blessed Jesus, be thou near;
Let our pleasures ever be
Only those approved by thee.
Praise the Saviour's precious name;
He to save from heaven came,
For our sins did bleed and die:
Now he pleads for us on high.
3. Happy, happy meet we here,—
Parents, pastors, teachers dear;
All, with gladsome heart and voice,
Share with us our festive joys.
Thanks to God for parents kind;
Thanks for friends with hearts inclined
Thus to guide us in the road
Leading safely up to God.

372. 10s & 9s.

1. JOYFUL, joyful, joyful be our numbers!
Bursting forth the soul-enlivening lay,
Swell the strain to music's sweetest murmurs,
Every heart now hail this happy day.

CHORUS.

Bursting forth the soul-enlivening lay,
Hail, oh, hail this happy, happy day!

2. From the hill and valley far away
We come with merry greetings in our lay,

Often as our festal day rolls round,
We hail it ever with harmonious sound.

3. Golden hours are fleeting, like a spell;
We meet too soon to part and say farewell:
Give the hand of friendship, ere we part,
May heaven now embalm it in each heart.

373. 8s, 7s & 6s.

1. DAYS and weeks and months, returning,
Bear us gently down life's way:
Still their lesson we are learning
With each anniversary day.

CHORUS.

We hail this day, so full of joy,
And greet it with our song,

2. Glad our hearts, and glad our voices,
Joy controls the hasting hour;
None so sad but he rejoices
'Neath to-day's controlling power.
3. Glad for classmates, and for teachers,
Guiding us with gentle rule,
Glad for all the gifts that reach us
Through our own loved Sabbath-school.
4. Yet, though glad, we'll still remember
What the moments always say:
Life must have its cold December,
Just as surely as its May.

5. Let us not forget the meaning
Days like these forever wear:
One more field has had its gleanings,
One more sheaf our arms should bear.

374. C. M. Double.

1. COME, children, raise your voices high,
Your Saviour's love proclaim,
And with the choirs of earth and sky
Unite to praise his name:
Sing how he left the realms of light,
Where the bright angels dwell,
And, passing through death's gloomy night,
Redeem'd the world from hell.
2. Yes, we will gladly join our lays
With heaven's seraphic throng,
And offer in our earthly days
To Christ our grateful song:
And oh that all would join to sing
That Saviour's love, who came,
Mankind from chains of sin to bring
To liberty again!
3. Then loud hosannas to our King,
Jesus, eternal God!
Let earth with joyful anthems ring,
To spread his fame abroad:
Let every tribe and nation own
His just and righteous sway,
And all unite to hasten on
The great millennial day.

375. 8s & 7s.

1. PRECIOUS Saviour! of Salvation,
We, this festal day, would sing,
And would make our celebration
With our Saviour's praises ring.
'Tis thy mercy that hath led us
To the Sabbath-schools we love,
And our teachers there have fed us
With the manna from above.
2. Precious Saviour! 'tis thy blessing
Cheers us in the morn of life;
Helps us onward to be pressing
Mid earth's sorrows and its strife;
Guards from fascinating pleasures
That would lead our feet astray;
Sets before us heavenly treasures,
While we walk the narrow way.
3. Precious Saviour! we adore thee,
For thy many mercies shown:
Let our praises come before thee,
Find acceptance at thy throne:
Thus our songs, to heaven ascending,
Join with those of saints above,
And, with angel-voices blending,
Celebrate redeeming love.

376. 5s, 6s & 7s.

1. WE lift our voices,
In a strain of gladness;
And the songs upon our tongues
Banish all our sadness.

2. Children and parents,
Cordially invited,
Praise the Lord, with one accord,
Voices all united.
3. Small streams that murmur,
Round each humble dwelling,
While they flow so still and slow,
Keep the tide-waves swelling.
4. Thus we together,
With our small oblations,
All unite, to send the light
To the darken'd nations.
5. If we with patience
Run the race before us,
Soon our King will bid us sing
In the heavenly chorus.
6. Let us with meekness
Seek his face and favour,
And at last, when life is past,
Meet the blessed Saviour.

377. 7s & 6s.

1. We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come, with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine.
Children, thy favours sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2. The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of Truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth :
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary ;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.
3. Redeemer, grant thy blessing :
Oh, teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way :
Then where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And, sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.

378. Peculiar.

1. COME, little soldiers, join in our band,
March for the kingdom, our promised land,
Fearless of danger, onward we roam.
Jesus our leader is, soon we'll be home.
We're a little pilgrim band :
Guided by a Saviour's hand,
Soon we'll reach our fatherland,
No more to roam.
2. Hark to the voices, bidding us come !
Angels, rejoicing, beckon us home ;
No more shall sadness or sorrow oppress,
Come, little pilgrim band, there we shall
rest.
We're a little pilgrim band, &c.

3. Soon we shall never know sorrow more,
But, blest forever, God's love shall share;
Soon we shall see him in his blest home,
Ever still praising him, ages to come.
We're a little pilgrim band, &c.

379. 7s & 6s.

1. To thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
Oh, tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise:
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allow'd to meet,
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.
2. Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labour for our good;
And may the Holy Scriptures
By us be understood:
Oh, may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King,
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.
3. And may the precious gospel
Be publish'd all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine

380. 7s & 6s.

1. THANKS to our heavenly Father,
Though angels tune his praise,
He will permit his children
Their humble song to raise.
Thanks to our heavenly Father,
Whose love protects us here
And spares us yet to welcome
Another happy year.
2. For all the years departed,
For all the years to come,
For all the thousand blessings
That crown our happy home,
For all our loving kindred,
For all the friends we claim,
We thank our heavenly Father
And bless his holy name.

381. C. M. Double.

1. HOSANNAS were by children sung
When Jesus was on earth ;
Then surely we are not too young
To sound his praises forth.
The Lord is great, the Lord is good ,
He feeds us from his store
With earthly and with heavenly food :
We'll praise him evermore.
2. And when to him young children came,
He took them in his arms ;
He bless'd them in his Father's name,
And spoke with heavenly charms.

We thank him for his gracious word,
We thank him for his love ;
We'll sing the praises of our Lord,
Who reigns in heaven above.

3. Before he left this world of woe,
On Calvary he died ;
His blood for us did freely flow
Forth from his wounded side.
Oh, then we'll magnify his name,
Who groan'd and died for us ;
We'll worship the atoning Lamb
And kneel before his cross.
4. He rose again and walk'd abroad,
And many saw his face ;
They call'd him the incarnate God,
Redeemer of our race.
He rose and he ascended high :
We'll bow to his command :
His glories fill the earth and sky,
He sits at God's right hand.

382. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.

1. LITTLE children, can you tell,
Do you know the story well,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sing for joy
On the Christmas morning ?
2. Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scatter'd round,
When the brightness fill'd the sky,
And a song was heard on high,
On the Christmas morning.

3. "Joy and peace," the angels sang,
Far the pleasant echoes rang,
"Peace on earth, to men good will!"
Hark! the angels sing it still
On the Christmas morning.

4 For a little babe that day,
Christ, the Lord of angels, lay,
Born on earth our Lord to be:
This the wondering angels see
On the Christmas morning.

5. Let us sing the angels' song,
And the pleasant sounds prolong:
This fair babe of Bethlehem
Children loves, and blesses them
On the Christmas morning.

6. "Peace" our little hearts shall fill,
"Peace on earth, to men good will!"
Hear us sing the angels' song,
And the pleasant notes prolong,
On the Christmas morning.

383. 8s & 7s.

1. THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,—
The name before his wondrous birth
To Christ the Saviour given.
We love to sing around our King
And hail him blessed Jesus;
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.

2. His human name they did proclaim
When Abr'am's son they seal'd him,—
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer reveal'd him.
We love to sing around our King
And hail him blessed Jesus ;
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.
3. And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
Forevermore must love him.
We love to sing around our King
And hail him blessed Jesus ;
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.
4. So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.
We love to sing around our King
And hail him blessed Jesus ;
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.
5. To Jesus every knee shall bow
And every tongue confess him,
And we unite with saints in light,
Our only Lord to bless him.
We love to sing around our King
And hail him blessed Jesus ;
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.

6. O Jesus, by that matchless name,
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same forever.
Then let us sing, around our King,
The faithful, precious Jesus, &c.
-

MISCELLANEOUS.

384. C. M.

1. THE sun that lights the world shall fade,
The stars shall pass away;
But I, a child immortal made,
Shall witness their decay.
2. Yes: I shall live when they are dead,
Though now so bright they shine;
When earth and all it holds have fled,
Eternity is mine.
3. For I can never, never die
While God himself remains;
But I must live in heaven on high,
Or dwell where darkness reigns.
4. If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
To Christ, oh, let me flee!
If pain be hard for one short day,
What must forever be?

385. 7s. Double.

1. WHILE, with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fix'd in their eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.
2. As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise :
All below is but a dream.
3. Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above !

386. 7s & 6s.

1. SAY, brothers, will you meet us
On Canaan's happy shore ?
By the grace of God, we'll meet you
Where parting is no more.

2. Jesus lives and reigns forever
On Canaan's happy shore.
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
For ever, evermore!

387. 6s & 5s.

1. WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes,
Never,—no, never.
2. When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never,—no, never.
3. Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour!
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never,—no, never.
4. Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;

390. C. M.

1. To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind and good,
As children ought to be.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school!
It is the place I love;
For there I learn the golden rule
Which leads to joys above.
2. I know I should not steal nor use
The smallest thing I see
Which I should never like to lose
If it belong'd to me.
The Sunday-school, &c.
3. And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.
The Sunday-school, &c.
4. But any kindness they may need
I'll do, whate'er it be;
As I am very glad indeed
When they are kind to me.
The Sunday-school, &c.

391. 6s & 4s.

1. My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

2. My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.
3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.
4. Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light:
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

392. 6s & 4s.

- 1 KIND words can never die:
Heaven gave them birth;
Wing'd with a smile, they fly
All o'er the earth.
Kind words the angels brought,
Kind words our Saviour taught,—
Sweet melodies of thought!
Who knows their worth?
Kind words can never die, &c.

2. Kind deeds can never die :
 Though weak and small,
 From his bright throne on high
 God sees them all ;
 He doth reward with love
 All those who faithful prove ;
 Round them, where'er they move,
 Rich blessings fall.
Kind deeds can never die, &c.
3. God's word can never die ;
 Though fallen man
 Oft dares its truth deny,—
 Dares it in vain.
God's word alone is pure ;
His promises are sure ;
Trust him, and rest secure
 Heaven you shall gain.
God's word can never die, &c.
4. Our souls can never die :
 God's word we trust ;
 He to our *bodies* said,
 "Dust unto dust."
Saviour, our souls prepare
Thy happy home to share ;
Us to thy mansions bear,
 When life is past.
Our souls can never die, &c.

393. 125.

1. WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest
 is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is
 gleaming,

Nor hope lends a ray the poor sailor to
cherish,
They fly to their Master,—“Save, Lord, or
we perish.”

2. O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the
billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy
pillow,
Now seated in glory, the poor sinner cherish,
Who cries, in his anguish, “Save, Lord, or
we perish.”
3. And, oh, when the whirlwind of passion is
raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is
waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to
cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer,—“Save, Lord, or we
perish.”

394. Peculiar.

1. We all love one another,
We all love one another,
We all love one another,
And keep the golden rule.
Sing on, love on, a little band of loving ones,—
Sing on, love on, a little happy band.
2. We always love our parents,
We always love our parents,
We always love our parents,
As children ought to do.
Sing on, &c.

- 3 We love our little sisters,
We love our little sisters,
We love our little sisters,
We love our brothers too.
Sing on, &c.
- 4 We love the Holy Bible,
We love the Holy Bible,
We love the Holy Bible,
Which tells us what to do.
Sing on, &c.
5. We try to love the Saviour,
We try to love the Saviour,
We try to love the Saviour,
Who shed for us his blood.
Sing on, &c.
6. We hope to get to heaven,
We hope to get to heaven,
We hope to get to heaven,
And sing the songs above.
Sing on, &c.

395. 7s. Double.

1. MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone;
For a while she lingering stood,
Fill'd with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice :
Christ had risen from the dead ;
Now he bids her heart rejoice :
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day !
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

396. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

1. LIFE'S rosy morn her golden light
Is softly flinging o'er us,
And many a lovely fruit and flower
Doth deck the path before us ;
But, oh, the fairest flowerets fade
When death comes sadly stealing !
Then let us seek that radiant land
Where sweetest notes are pealing.
2. Each day upon its heavenward flight
Should bear some record, golden,
Of gentle words and loving deeds
And helping hands outholden,—
Some brother cheer'd upon the way
Some sister's spirit brighten'd,
Some wandering lamb led back again,
Some weary bosom lighten'd.
3. And, oh, the poor, benighted lands,
Our bosoms swell with pity !
We fain would point them to the way
To the celestial city,—
That city paved with purest gold,
With pearly lustre gleaming,

And light from many a sparkling crown
In wondrous beauty streaming.

4. Then let us link each heart and hand
In bonds of love together,
To toil in life's sweet summer-tide,
E'en on to wintry weather,
That soon each heart, in every clime,
From all things else may sever,
And learn to bow at Jesus' shrine
Forever and forever.

397. L. M.

1. O THOU before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
Regard our simple, earnest prayer,
And make our teacher now thy care.
2. Preserve thy servant from the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, O Lord, to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give
Our teacher, Lord, and bid him live.
3. Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him through the narrow way.
4. Around him may thy angels stand,
To bear him to a better land,
To teach his happy soul to rise,
And waft him to the upper skies.

398. L. M.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
 Oh, hear, great God, the words I say!
 Preserve, I pray, my parents dear,
 In health and strength for many a year!
 And still, O Lord, to me impart
 A gentle and a grateful heart,
 That after my last sleep I may
 In heaven spend eternal day.

399. 7s.

Now I lay me down to sleep:
 I pray the Lord my soul to keep
 If I should die before I wake,
 I pray the Lord my soul to take.
 Amen!

400.

1. "THY will be done!" In devious way
 The hurrying stream of life may run;
 Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
 "Thy will be done."
2. "Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine
 A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
 This prayer will make it more divine:—
 "Thy will be done."
3. "Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er
 Our path with gloom, one comfort—one—
 Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore,
 "Thy will be done."

401.

AND Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me ;
For of such is the kingdom of heaven. Amen.

402.

1. I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help.
2. My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.
3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved :
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
5. The Lord is thy keeper:
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
6. The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil :
He shall preserve thy soul.
8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and
thy coming in
From this time forth, and even for ever-
more.

403.

1. COME unto me, all ye that labour and are
heavy laden, and I will give you rest

2. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: for
I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye
shall find rest unto your souls.
3. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

404.

1. FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends: O, Father, hear
it!
Borne on the trembling wings of fear and
meekness,
Forgive its weakness.
2. I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice I pour before thee;
What can I offer thee, O thou most holy,
But sin and folly?
3. Lord, in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold in our warmest vows and vain our truest
Thoughts of a hurrying hour,—our lips repeat
them,
Our hearts forget them.
4. We see thy hand: it leads us, it supports us;
We hear thy voice: it counsels and it courts
us;
And then we turn away! and still thy kind-
ness
Forgives our blindness
5. Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feel-
ing?
Oh, who can hear the accents of thy mercy,
And never love thee?

6. Kind benefactor ! plant within this bosom
The seeds of holiness, and let them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal
And spring eternal.

405. 8s & 7s.

1. LONG ago the Lord of glory
Lived on earth, a little child ;
He was gentle, he was holy,
He was always kind and mild.
2. He was cradled in a manger,
Poor and humble was his bed ;
Jesus, when on earth, a stranger,
Had not where to lay his head.
3. When he came, the angels, singing,
Told the shepherds of his birth :
"Christ," they said, "is come: he's bringing
Joy and peace to men on earth."
- 4 Let us love him, let us fear him,
Let us learn of him below ;
Then in heaven we shall be near him
More of him we then shall know.

TEMPERANCE.

406.

- 1 THE Temperance Band is coming,
To rescue, cheer and save

Their fallen fellow-travellers,
 Who once were strong and brave,
 Before the cup of ruin
 Had blighted fragrant flowers
 That fill'd their homes with gladness
 And nerved their manly powers.

2. The Temperance Band is coming,
 To soothe the troubled soul
 By words of love and kindness,
 Where waves of gloom now roll.
 They come with banners waving,
 Array'd in love's attire,
 To banish from their country
 The cup of liquid fire.

3. The Temperance Band is coming!
 A wail of woe we hear,
 From millions who are sighing,
 And falls the bitter tear.
 Sad wives will hail the coming,
 Their children shout and sing,
 The star of hope is rising!
 We'll praise our Lord and King.

407.

1. In the ways of true temperance see children
 delighting,
 So joyful and happy wherever we go;
 If firm to the purpose in which we're
 uniting,
 We shall never be drunkards,—oh, never,
 oh, no!
 Oh, never, oh, no!

2. The pledge we have taken must never be broken,
Although the poor drunkard may angry grow;
We must always remember the words we have spoken,
And never be drunkards,—oh, never, oh, no!

Oh, never, oh, no!

3. The first little drop of strong drink that is taken
Is the first step to ruin, e'en children may know;
If the first little drop be in earnest forsaken,
We shall never be drunkards,—oh, never, oh, no!

Oh, never, oh, no!

4. Then, free from the ruin strong drink would occasion,
We'll stand by our temperance wherever we go;
And if bad men should tempt, we'll resist their persuasion,
And never be drunkards,—oh, never, oh, no:

Oh, never, oh, no!

408.

1. GUSHING so bright in the morning light,
Gleams the water in yon fountain;
As purely, too, as the early dew
That gems the distant mountain.

CHORUS.

Then drink your fill of the grateful rill,
 And leave the cup of sorrow ;
 Though it shine to-night in its gleaming
 light,
 'Twill sting thee on the morrow.

2. Quietly glide in their silvery tide
 The brooks from rock to valley ;
 And the flashing streams in the broad sun-
 beams
 Like a banner'd army rally.
 Then drink, &c.

3. Touch not the wine, though brightly it
 shine,
 When nature to man has given
 A gift so sweet, his wants to meet,—
 A beverage that flows from heaven.
 Then drink, &c.

4. Not only here of the water clear
 Is God the lavish giver,
 But when we rise to yonder skies
 We'll drink of life's bright river.
 Then drink, &c.

409.

1. WITH banner and with badge we come,
 An army true and strong,
 To fight against the hosts of rum,
 And this shall be our song.

CHORUS.

We love the clear cold-water springs,
 Supplied by gentle showers,

We feel the strength cold water brings :
The victory is ours.

2. "Cold-Water Army" is our name :
Oh, may we faithful be,
And so in truth and justice claim
The blessings of the free.
We love, &c.
3. Though others love their rum and wine,
And drink till they are mad,
To water we will still incline,
To make us strong and glad.
We love, &c.
4. I pledge to thee this hand of mine,
In faith and friendship strong ;
And, fellow-soldiers, we will join
The chorus of our song.
We love, &c.

410.

1. I'm a young abstainer,
From drinking-customs free ;
If others choose the drunkard's drink,
Water give to me.
Pure, cold water, water give to me !
I'm a young abstainer, from drinking-customs
free.
2. The drunkard is a foolish man :
He staggers through the streets,
And he is pointed at with scorn
By every one he meets.
Pure, cold water, &c.

3. The drunkard is a careless man:
He throws his cash away;
He does not save his money up
Against an evil day.
Pure, cold water, &c.
4. The drunkard is a cruel man;
And thus we often see
His wretched wife and family
In rags and misery.
Pure, cold water, &c.
5. The drunkard is a wicked man:
He quite neglects his mind;
And God will punish him for that,
As he will surely find.
Pure, cold water, &c.
6. Foolish men and wicked men
May drink wine, gin and beer,
But I prefer a wiser plan:
My drink is water clear.
Pure, cold water, &c.
7. I'm a young teetotaller,
From drinking-customs free;
Can't you give up the drunkard's drink
And come and work with me?
Pure, cold water, &c.

411.

1. Our youthful hearts with temperance burn;
Away, away the bowl!
From dram-shops all our steps we turn;
Away, away the bowl!

Farewell to rum and all its harms;
 Farewell the wine-cup's boasted charms;
 Away the bowl, away the bowl, away,
 away the bowl!

2. See how that poor inebriate reels!
 Away, away the bowl!
 Alas, the misery he reveals!
 Away, away the bowl!
 His children grieve, his wife's in tears,
 How sad his once bright home appears!
 Away the bowl, &c.

Boys. 3. We drink no more, nor buy nor sell.

Away, away the bowl!

Girls. The tippler's offers we repel.

Away, away the bowl!

ALL. United in a temperance band,
 We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in
 hand.

Away the bowl, &c.

412.

1. Some love to drink from the foamy brink,
 Where the wine-drop's dance they see;
 But the water bright, in its silver light,
 And a crystal cup, for me.
 Oh, water, bright water, pure, precious,
 free!
 Yes, 'tis water bright, in its silver light, and
 a crystal cup, for me.
2. Oh, a goodly thing is the cooling spring,
 'Mong the rocks where the moss doth
 grow:

There's health in the tide, and there's music
beside,
In the brooklet's bounding flow.
Oh, water, &c.

3. As pure as heaven is the water given ;
'Tis forever fresh and new ;
Distill'd from the sky, it comes from on
high
In the shower and the gentle dew.
Oh, water, &c.

413.

1. SPARKLING and bright in its liquid light
Is the water in our glasses :
'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,
Ye lads and rosy lasses !

CHORUS.

- Oh, then, resign your ruby wine,
Each smiling son and daughter :
There's nothing so good for the youthful
blood
Or sweet as the sparkling water.
2. Better than gold is the water cold
From the crystal fountain flowing,
A calm delight, both day and night,
To happy homes bestowing.
Oh, then, resign, &c.
 3. Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled,
Of the weeping wife and mother :
They've given up the poison-cup,
Son, husband, daughter, brother.
Oh, then, resign, &c.

414.

1. WHAT makes the poor man poorer still?
What often makes the rich man ill?
What will both soul and body kill?
Intoxicating drink.
2. What is the source of want and woe?
What makes poor children ragged go?
Alas, the cause full well we know:—
Intoxicating drink.
3. The money that should keep them goes,
Not to buy food and books and clothes,
But to procure their worst of foes,—
Intoxicating drink.
4. Then surely 'tis the wisest way
To cease from drink without delay,
And taste not, from this very day,
Intoxicating drink.

415.

1. It comes, the joyful day,
When alcohol's proud sway—
A curse to man—
Shall to the ground be hurl'd;
The temperance flag unfurl'd
Shall wave throughout the world,
In every land.
2. Then let the drunkards hear,
And every one draw near
And sign the pledge.

Alone you shall not stand,
For over all the land
Is found a noble band,
By vow engaged.

3. And, moderate drinkers, too
The voice addresses you,
Come, go along.

You surely are to blame
While in the drinking train,
For alcohol has slain
His thousands strong.

4. This work may soon be done,
If all unite as one
To push it on.

Then shall the *truth* and *right*
O'er all prevail in fight,
And all the world unite
In one glad song.

416.

1. SLAVE of the cup, beware!
Lest you forever share
Disgrace and woe;
Strong are your fetters bound,
And all is dark around;
No lasting joys are found
Where'er you go.

2. Slave of the cup, arise,
And raise your weeping eyes
To God above.
He'll give you strength to break
Your iron yoke, and wake,
True courage to partake,
Of heavenly love.

3. Slave of the cup, rejoice!
Hark! hear the cheering voice
From slaves set free.
Behold their smiles and tears:
They've toil'd in chains for years,
But Hope's bright star appears
O'er life's rough sea.
4. Awake, awake, O slave!
Dash down the cup, and save
Thyself from harm.
Freemen around thee sing,
Their grateful offerings bring
To Zion's Lord and King
For his strong arm.

417.

1. SOFTLY the drunkard's wife breatheth her
prayer;
Sadly her bosom heaves, wild with despair;
Saying, For thee I pine mourning alone:
Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home.
2. He with the revellers merrily sung,
Wildly he raised his voice, madly in song:
She in a murmuring voice blended her tone,
Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home.
3. Hark! 'tis her husband's voice rings in her
ear,
See how her upturn'd eye melts with the
tear:
Wife of my bosom! see, I am come!
Come, like a wanderer, back to my home.

4. Brightly the drunkard's home shines in the
ray,
Sweetly the drunkard's wife smileth to-day ;
Drunkard no longer, her husband is come :
Happiness, happiness, brightens their home !

418.

1. OH, come, come away, from all that can en-
slave you ;
'Gainst vice and crime let us combine.
Oh, come, come away.
Oh, come, let truth our minds employ,
And thus we'll ignorance destroy,
And hope shall increase our joy.
Oh, come, come away.
2. In virtue and truth come let us be progress-
ing ;
In works of love let us improve.
Oh, come, come away.
For while in youth and health we should
With all the virtuous, great and good
Join hands in brotherhood.
Oh, come, come away.
3. With sweet songs of love we'll calm each
angry feeling,
And ne'er let wrath disturb our path.
Oh, come, come away.
Oh, come, let wisdom still increase,
And war of every kind will cease,
And man shall live in peace.
Oh, come, come away.

4. No strong drink we'll use, then; it can
ne'er deceive us;
Don't taste a drop; oh, touch it not,
But come, come away.
Come, drink the pure and crystal stream,
And put your trust alone in Him
Who from sin can redeem.
Oh, come, come away.

419.

1. Touch not the cup: it is death to thy soul;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Many I know who have quaff'd from the
bowl;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Little they thought that the demon was
there;
Blindly they drank, and were caught in the
snare;
Then, of that death-dealing bowl, oh,
beware!
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens
bright;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Though, like the ruby, it shines in the
light,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
The fangs of the serpent are hid in the
bowl;
Deeply the poison will enter thy soul,
Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy con-
trol.
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

3. Touch not the cup, O young man in thy pride!

Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Hark to the warning of thousands who've died;

Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Go to their lonely and desolate tomb,
Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom,
Think that perhaps thou mayst share in their doom.

Touch not the cup, touch it not.

4. Touch not the cup; oh, drink not a drop;

Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop;

Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Stop for the home that to thee is so dear;
Stop for thy friends that to thee are so near;

Stop for thy country; the God that you fear.

Touch not the cup, touch it not.

420.

1. THE drink that's in the drunkard's bowl
Is not the drink for me;

It kills his body and his soul:
How sad a sight is he!

But there's a drink that God has given,
Distilling in the showers of heaven
In measures large and free.

Oh, that's the drink, that's the drink for me!

2. The stream that many prize so high
Is not the stream for me ;
For he who drinks it still is dry,
And so will ever be.
But there's a stream so cool and clear
The thirsty traveller lingers near :
Refresh'd and glad is he.
Oh, that's the drink, that's the drink for
me !
3. The wine-cup, that so many prize,
Is not the cup for me ;
The aching head, the bloated face,
In its sad train I see ;
But there's a cup of water pure,
And he who drinks it may be sure
Of health and length of days.
Oh, that's the cup, that's the cup for me !

421.

1. CHILDREN all, both great and small,
Answer to the temperance call :
Mary, Margaret, Jane and Sue,
Charlotte, Ann, and Fanny too,
Cheerily, heartily come along,
Sign our pledge and sing our song.
2. No strong drink shall pass our lips ;
He's in danger who but sips :
Come, then, children, one and all,
Answer to the temperance call,
Cheerily, readily come along,
Sign our pledge and sing our song.

3. Where's the boy that would not shrink
From the bondage of strong drink?
Come, then, Joseph, Charles and Tom,
Henry, Samuel, James, and John,
Cheerily, eagerly come along,
Sign our pledge and sing our song.
4. Who have misery, want and woe?
All who to the bottle go.
We resolve their road to shun,
And in temperance paths to run.
Cheerfully, manfully come along,
Sign our pledge and sing our song.
5. Good cold water does for us,
Costs no money, makes none worse,
Gives no bruises, steals no brains,
Breeds no quarrels, woes nor pains.
Readily, joyfully come along,
Sign our pledge and sing our song.
6. Who would life and health prolong?
Who'd be happy, wise and strong?
Let alone the drunkard's bane:
Half-way pledges are in vain.
Cheerfully, joyfully, you and you,
Sign the pledge, and keep it too.

422.

1. THE murderous cup no more I'll take;
Its dregs no more I'll drain;
That cruel spell forever break:
"I'll be myself again."
No more shall friends in sorrow weep,
Nor partner plead in vain;
My sacred vows I'll ever keep:
"I'll be myself again."

CHORUS.

I'll sign the temperance pledge,
I'll sign the temperance pledge,
And, thus protected, I shall be
From drink and sorrow free.

2. The midnight hour no more I'll spend,
Nor rack my fever'd brain
Where riot-song and orgies blend :
"I'll be myself again."
No more shall clamorous want invade,
Nor base indulgence reign ;
The paths of usefulness I'll tread :
"I'll be myself again."
I'll sign, &c.
8. The drunkard's fearful doom I'll shun,
And sin's remorseless train ;
I'll gird salvation's armour on,
And be myself again.
My wasted form and haggard brow
No more shall thus remain ;
I'll rouse each power, and conquer now,
And be myself again.
I'll sign, &c.

423.

1. Go, go, thou that enslavest me,
Now, now, thy power is o'er,
Long, long, have I obey'd thee ;
Now I'll not drink any more.
No, no, no, no !
No, I'll not drink any more.

2. Thou, thou, bringest me ever,
Deep, deep sorrow and pain !
Then, then, from thee I'll sever,
Now I'll not serve thee again.
No, no, no, no !
No, I'll not serve thee again.
3. Rum, rum, thou hast bereft me,
Home, friends, pleasure so sweet ;
Now, now, forever I've left thee,
Thou and I never shall meet.
No, no, no, no !
Thou and I never shall meet.
4. Joys, joys bright as the morning,
Now, now, on me will pour ;
Hope, hope, sweetly is dawning,
Now I'll not drink any more.
No, no, no, no !
No, I'll not drink any more.

424.

1. FRIENDS of freedom ! swell the song,
Young and old, the strain prolong,
Make the temperance army strong,
And on to victory !
Lift your banners, let them wave,
Onward march, a world to save :
Who would fill a drunkard's grave
And bear his infamy ?
2. Shrink not when the foe appears ;
Spurn the coward's guilty fears ;
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears,
Of ruin'd families !

- Raise the cry in every spot,
"Touch not, taste not, handle not!"
Who would be a drunken sot,
The worst of miseries?
3. Give the aching bosom rest;
Carry joy to every breast;
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.
Raise the glorious watchword high,
"Touch not, taste not, till you die!"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.
4. God of mercy, hear us plead:
For thy help we intercede:
See how many bosoms bleed,
And heal them speedily.
Haste, oh, haste the happy day
When beneath its gentle ray
'TEMPERANCE all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.

425.

1. LET the still air rejoice,
Be every youthful voice
Blended in one,
While we renew our strain
To Him with joy again
Who sends the evening rain
And morning sun.
2. His hand in beauty gives
Each flower and plant that lives,
Each sunny rill;

Springs which our footsteps meet,
 Fountains, our lips to greet,
 Waters, whose taste is sweet,
 On rock and hill.

3. So let each thoughtful child
 Drink of this fountain mild
 From early youth;
 Then shall the song we raise
 Be heard in future days,
 Ours be the pleasant ways
 Of peace and truth.
-

TEACHERS' MEETINGS

426. C. M.

1. TEACHER divine, we bow the knee,
 Dependent, at thy throne;
 Our fervent cry we raise to thee
 Ah! leave us not alone.
- 2 In vain we teach, unless thy grace
 Instruct each tender heart:
 Then deign to hear; hide not thy face;
 Thy Spirit, Lord, impart.
- 3 Without thee, we can nothing do;
 Our weakness we confess:
 Be thou our strength, and wisdom too,
 And thus our labours bless.

4. And may the sacred tie of love
 Bind us together here,—
 A foretaste give of joys above,
 Life's pilgrimage to cheer.

427. L. M.

1. INDULGENT God of love and power
 Be with us at this solemn hour:
 Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
 By which we seek to spread thy love.
2. May we who teach the rising race
 Be fill'd, O Lord, with every grace;
 And may thy Spirit from above
 Descend and bless our work of love.
3. Thy grace to those we teach impart:
 O Lord, renew each youthful heart;
 Help them from every sin to flee
 And dedicate their lives to thee.
4. May we in love to them abound,
 And zealous in the work be found,
 And many souls may we obtain,
 To prove our labour's not in vain.
5. When at thine awful bar they stand,
 Oh, welcome them to thy right hand,
 To join with us the heavenly lays
 And sing our great Redeemer's praise.

428. 11s.

1. THE mercy of Jesus has brought us once more
 To bow at his footstool, his aid to implore.

That we who the office of teachers sustain
May neither grow weary nor labour in vain.

2. The work we engage in is great, we confess,
And we have no might to insure its success;
We now are assembled assistance to seek
From Him who has promised to strengthen
the weak.
3. We pray for that wisdom which comes from
above,
To render our duty a service of love,
To open the minds of the children to see
How pleasant the ways of religion must be.
4. We ask to exhibit, in word and in deed,
A holy example that children may read;
And may our endeavours all centre in this,
Hereafter to meet them in glory and bliss.

429. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. At thy footstool, humbly blending
Faith and hope with fervent prayer,
On thy promised help depending,
May our toils thy blessing share:
Great Jehovah,
Hear us; make us still thy care.
2. Here reveal thy power and glory;
Grant each teacher great success;
May those whom we teach adore thee,
And their Saviour now confess:
Holy Spirit,
Bless us with thy quickening grace.

3. For thy love accept this token ;
 We the young with truth would feed ;
 'Twas for such thy heart was broken ;
 Thou dost for them intercede ;
 Mighty Saviour,
 Help us : 'tis thy cause we plead.

430. S. M.

1. How serious is the charge,
 To train the infant mind !
 'Tis God alone must give the heart
 To such a work inclined.
2. May we, in Christian bonds, .
 The Christian name adorn
 By active deeds for public good,
 Nor mind the sinner's scorn.
3. While wicked men unite
 Our youth to lead aside,
 'Tis ours to show them wisdom's path,
 In wisdom's path to guide.
4. Dependent, Lord, on thee
 Our humble means to bless,
 We gladly join our hearts and hands
 And look for large success.

431. S. M.

1. **SAVE** all my children, Lord !
 For less I dare not ask :
 I know thou wilt fulfil thy word
 If I fulfil my task.

2. Thy word is, "Work and pray ;
Toil on, 'mid hopes and fears ;
The sowing brings the reaping day
The harvest follows tears."
- 3 Oh, let me strive to be
The labourer thou wilt bless,
And hourly offer unto thee
The works of righteousness.
4. Yet, when my best is done,
'Tis sin and folly still ;
My only plea is that thy Son
Wrought out thy perfect will.
5. Then hear me while I ask,
"Save all my children, Lord !"
While I, in faith, fulfil my task,
Do thou fulfil thy word.

432. H. M.

1. GRACE shall our souls inspire
With holy love to all ;
Nor let us ever tire
Where want and duty call !
Oh, let it ne'er be said again,
"What do ye more than other men ?"
2. The wretched we would seek,
The naked we would clothe,
The mists of folly break
With sacred life and love,
The mourner cheer, the hungry feed,
And for the poor and needy plead.

3. Does Jesus intercede
 Before his Father's throne?
 Did he on Calvary bleed,
 And wear the thorny crown?
 And all for us! Oh, love divine!
 Jesus, our all be ever thine.

4. The promise we receive
 Will amply, then, repay
 The mite we freely give
 To these dear youths to-day;
 Accept the offering we impart,
 The tribute of a grateful heart.

433. 7s.

1. CHRIST was teaching all the day
 Where the throng of hearers met;
 And at night retired to pray
 In the mount of Olivet.
2. He on no soft couch reposed
 Through the 'custom'd hours of sleep;
 But when others' eyes were closed
 He awoke to pray and weep.
3. All the labours we have shared,
 Oh, how poor, and little worth,
 When with those, so great, compared,
 Of our Saviour upon earth!
4. Oh, may gratitude inspire
 Him to follow now above!
 Then our hearts will never tire
 In these humble deeds of love.

434. S. M.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed:
Broad-cast it round the land.
2. The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by spots 'tis found:
Go forth, then, everywhere.
3. Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strewn.
4. Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.
5. Then when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel reapers shall descend
And shout the "Harvest-home!"

435. 8s & 7s.

1. TOIL on, teachers! toil on boldly!
Labour on, and watch and pray.
Men may scoff and treat you coldly,
Heed them not, go on your way;

Jesus is a loving master ;

Cease not, then, his work to do ;
Cleave to him still closer, faster,
He will own and honour you.

2. Toil on, teachers ! earnest, steady,
Sowing well the seed of truth,
Always willing, cheerful, ready,
Watching, praying for your youth ;
Patient, firm and persevering,
Leaning on the promise sure ;
Prayer will surely gain a hearing,
Faithful to the end endure.

3. Toil on, teachers ! you are doing
What the Saviour well approves ;
Satan seeks young souls to ruin,
Jesus to redeem them loves ;
Kindly still he looks upon them,
Tenderly he calls them near,
Sheds his grace and mercy on them
While his blessed voice they hear.

4. Toil on, teachers ! in due season
Reaping-time will surely come ;
You shall yet have glorious reason
To rejoice in harvest-home ;
Many a shining one in glory,
As the endless ages roll,
Shall reveal the welcome story
How *by you* Christ saved his soul.

436. **L. M.**

1. "WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,

Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise,

2. "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company,
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."
3. We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

437. L. M.

1. COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.
 2. Teachers, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.
-

CLOSING SCHOOL.

438. 6s. Double.

1. COME, children, ere we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name;

Join every tongue and heart
To celebrate his fame,—

Jesus, the children's Friend,
Him whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end;
Praise him for evermore.

2. If here we meet no more,
May we in realms above,
With all the saints, adore
Redeeming grace and love.
Jesus, &c.

439. 8s & 7s.

1. HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing,
While thy praise we humbly sing:
Sinful hearts and lives confessing,
Nothing worthy can we bring;
Yet thy book of love hath taught us
Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear:
For the sake of Him who bought us
We may call, and thou wilt hear.
- 2 What a boon to us is given,
Thus to lift our voice on high,
Well assured the ear of Heaven
Hears our wants and will supply
Weak and sinful, oh, how often
Must we look to God alone
For his grace our hearts to soften
And sustain us as his own!
3. Bless, O Lord, this happy meeting,
While we stay, and when we go:

Here our hearts in friendly greeting
Gladly join thy praise below;
But all earthly unions sever,
All their pleasures quickly fly:
Oh for grace to praise thee ever,
In that better world on high!

440. H. M.

1. DEAR Father, ere we part,
Now let thy grace descend,
And fill our youthful heart
With peace from Christ our Friend,
May showers of blessings from above
Descend and fill our hearts with love.
2. May we in after-years
With gratitude review
The service of this day,
The work we now pursue,
And speed our way to worlds above,
With hearts all fired with holy love.
3. We know that soon on earth
The fondest ties must end,—
Our own most cherish'd hopes
To death's cold hand must bend;
The fairest flowers, in all their bloom,
Must soon lie wither'd in the tomb.
4. Then, when our spirits leave
These tenements of clay,
May they to God, who gave,
Ascend, in endless day.
And sing, with parents, teachers, friends,
That anthem sweet, which never ends.

441. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Now is past the time of teaching
 Ended is the hour we love,
Hush'd the voice of friends, beseeching
 Us to seek for joys above:
 Precious Sabbaths!
 Swiftly, oh, they swiftly move.
2. Wake, then, every tender feeling,
 Ere from school we go away;
Saviour, come, thy grace revealing;
 In our hearts assert thy sway:
 Bless us, parting,
 On this sacred Sabbath-day.
3. Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
 All our Sabbath-schools be past;
Like the leaf to earth descended,
 Wither'd in the autumn blast:
 Life is passing;
 We must see the grave at last.
4. Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,
 With its glories, sunny bright;
And, with millions, saved before us,
 May we join, in worlds of light:—
 Praising Jesus,
 Where the Sabbath knows no night.

442. 7s & 6s. (6 lines.)

1. A song, a song of gladness!—
 For, though we here may part,
Breathe not a note of sadness;
 We still are join'd in heart:

And long will we remember
This happy Sabbath-day.

2. Around thy throne of glory,
Blest Jesus, angels sing,
Telling to all the story
Of Christ, the Saviour-King:
'Tis this that tunes our voices
This happy Sabbath-day.
3. Send us a parting blessing,
O Father, from above;
May we, thy grace possessing,
Be saved, to sing thy love,
And spend in heaven, forever,
A long and happy day!

443. 8s & 7s.

1. PRAISE we Him by whose kind favour
Heavenly truth has reach'd our ears;
May its sweet, reviving savour
Fill our hearts, dispel our fears.
Truth—how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;
Vain the hope and short the pleasure
Which from other sources flow.
2. Lord, the truth we have been hearing
Now to every heart apply;
In the day of thine appearing,
May we share thy people's joy.
Till thou take us hence forever,
Saviour, guide us with thine eye;
May it be our sole endeavor
Thine to live and thine to die!

444. H. M.

ON what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow.
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

445. S. M.

1. ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name:
Record his mercies, every heart;
Sing, every tongue, the same.
2. May we receive his word,
And feed thereon and grow
Go on to seek and know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

446. L. M.

1. DEAR partner of our hopes and fears,
And wilt thou here no longer dwell,
To share our toils and joys and tears,—
And must we bid a sad farewell?
2. Yes, thou must fill thy future lot
Far from thy fond and cherish'd friends;
But not to be by us forgot,
While life its beating pulses spends
3. We'll think of thee amid the scene
Of each returning Sabbath-day,

And nowhere else with grief so keen
Will mourn that thou art far away.

4. We'll think of thee whene'er we meet
Our weekly lessons to prepare,
Nor deem our social band complete
Whilst thou, dear friend, art wanting there.

447. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.
3. Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,—
Glad the summons to obey,—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

448. L. M.

1. DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;

All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2. Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

449. 7s.

1. FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
2. Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

450. L. M.

1. FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

451. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!

Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

452. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

453. C. M.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now
And shall be evermore.

454. S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too.

455. 8s & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.



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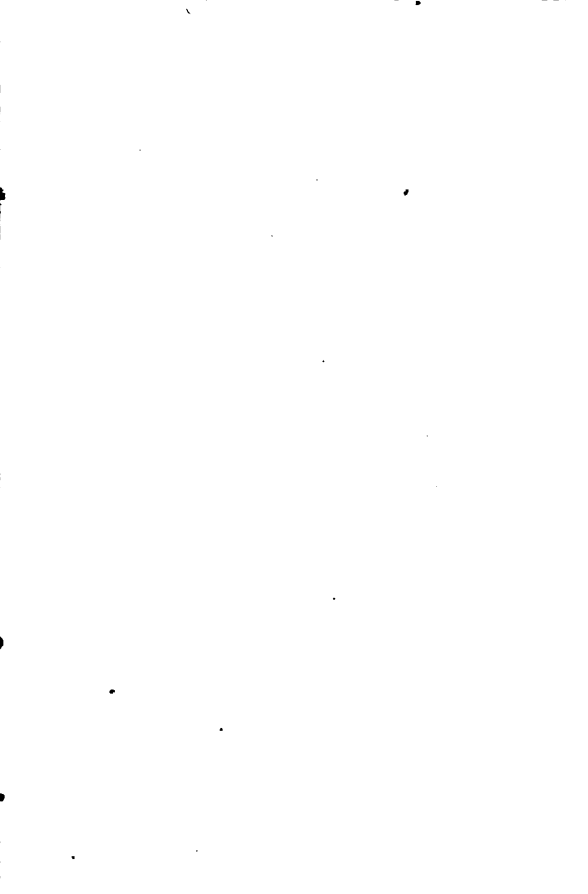
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